PRIVATE EYE

£1

No. 980
Friday
9 July '99

HISTORIC AGREEMENT

The Open University

Study for a degree in a way that fits your lifestyle.

You don't have time to stop work or give up your family commitments. But that doesn't mean you want a second rate degree. The Open University gives you the opportunity to get a degree that's worth something and to fit your study around the way you live your life.

The OU has developed its own unique method of study designed for busy people called OU supported open learning. You study in your own time, from exceptional, specially prepared materials and we give you the support to help you succeed. That includes a personal tutor available for advice in person and on the phone and a chance to meet fellow student at tutorials and, on some courses, at a residential school. It's real value for money, and you can pay by instalments.

Did you know?

- The OU is in the top 15% of all UK universities for teaching quality
- 25% of all British MBAs* come from the OU
- Over 30,000 employers have sponsored their staff on OU courses
- 40,000 OU students are online from home
- There are 9 month courses and new diplomas as well as degrees

*AMBA Accredited

Send for your free prospectus now.

Send to: The Open University, PO Box 625, Milton Keynes MK7 6AA. U99TF

☐ Please send me a copy of the *Courses, Diplomas and BA/BSc Degrees* prospectus
☐ Please send me a copy of the postgraduate prospectus
☐ Tick here if you have contacted the OU in the past.

Title .....Initials .....Surname .....

Address.....

.....Postcode.....

Tel .....Date of Birth ...../...../19.....

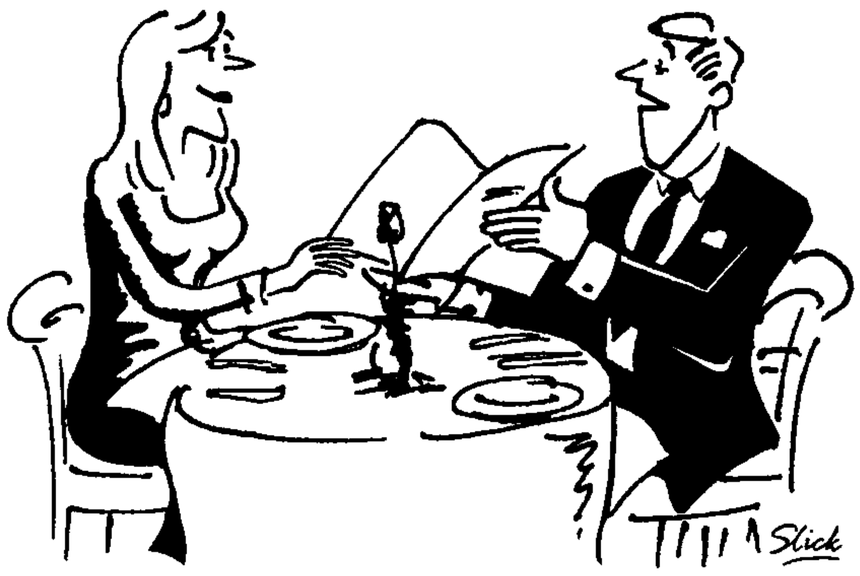
☎ **OU Hotline (24 hours)** 0870 9000 301

Website: www.open.ac.uk/advert/

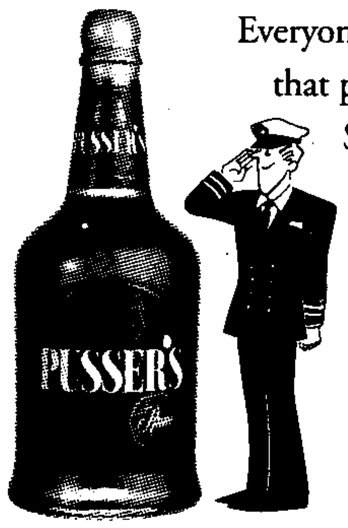
THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE OU EXPERIENCE

The Pusser's Guide to Naval slang

Let's see what's in the beef chit, Camilla. What do you fancy? Floaters in the snow followed by black coated workers?



TRANSLATION: Pass the menu, would you Camilla. What do you fancy? Sausage and mash followed by stewed prunes?



Everyone loves a sailor, a bit of the old yo ho ho, ships that pass in the night and all that rum sort of thing. So if you meet a sailor on his run ashore, make sure you know the correct DecoRUM and mix your cocktails with the right Navy Rum.

It's Pusser's . . . don't you know?

www.lovejoys.co.uk worlds largest adult superstore

Information Line: 0909 6110231

GOVERNMENT AUCTION NEWS

The **monthly journal** for the most comprehensive nationwide coverage of:

Bankruptcy and liquidation sales of the seized assets of companies in receivership/ administration - goods which are auctioned for whatever anyone is prepared to pay. Hundreds of sales listed each month of all types of goods.

HM Customs & Excise sales of impounded articles - from the effects of drug traffickers and racketeers to a lost and found dinghy, also goods confiscated in lieu of duty and those seized at ports and airports etc.

Police sales of unclaimed lost, stolen and recovered possessions - bicycles, household electronics, jewellery, business equipment, car stereos, cell phones, etc. - 'Aladdin's Caves', the contents of which are auctioned regularly. Buy from the police cheaper than you could from the criminals!

Government Surplus - Ministry of Defence/ Home Office vehicles, computers, tools, hardware, school and hospital supplies, nationalised public utility service machinery, generators, clothing, furniture, local authority and council property and land etc.

Transport Department sales of lost and unclaimed personal effects - from umbrellas by the thousand to handbags, briefcases, overcoats, filofaxes, wallets, books and even baby buggies, including sales of airport lost property.

On-Site sales - liquidation/relocation auctions of stocks that are too vast or bulky to be moved - those which take place on the premises or at trading sites and thus occur at different venues every week.

Plant and Machinery specialist sales - agents who deal solely in printing machines, farm equipment, photography, computers, the catering and building trade, electronics, mechanical, vehicles, etc.

USA Government Department of Defense surplus sales which take place regularly in the UK and throughout Europe - new and used merchandise which includes everything imaginable required to service the modern armed forces.

... plus property and mail order catalogue returns.

"The Bargain Hunter's Companion"

Now, here is a unique opportunity for you to participate in these little-publicised auctions which anyone is allowed is allowed to attend but few ever get to hear about. These are the most exciting, fascinating, lucrative and rewarding auctions around as most offer **no reserve prices** - where the goods under the hammer have to be sold, there and then, for whatever is offered.

Government Auction News is referred to and found invaluable by **private** and **public companies** alike, **small businesses, purchasing managers, retailers, traders, charities and trusts, schools and colleges, specialist dealers, importers and exporters,** together with cost-conscious individuals and bargain hunters of all kinds. Many have been referred to **GAN** by the **DTI, DoE, HMSO, HM Customs and the Small Business Advice Centre.**

Readers save, and in many cases make, hundreds, thousands of pounds. Anyone can take advantage of bargains such as these recent examples:

Item	Retail Price	At Auction
Porsche 928	£22,000	**£7,560**
Bedroom Suite	£500	**£27**
Pioneer Hi-Fi	£500	**£20**
Canon Photocopier	£3,000	**£240**
E-Type Jaguar	£6,000	**£3,500**
Honda 250 Motorbike	£1,900	**£250**
Garden Strimmer	£70	**£5**
Freezer	£200	**£40**
Toshiba Fax Machine	£400	**£60**
Landrover	£4,750	**£2,300**
Mountain Bike	£200	**£15**
Miele Washing Machine/Drier	£600	**£3**
Large Pine Kitchen Table	£250	**£45**
Grundig Car Stereo	£195	**£30**

Together with detailing over **1,000 major sales** each month (locations, dates, times, contents) **Government Auction News** is packed with features, articles, editorial and investigative reports. Readers also have private access to a unique **fax information service** which keeps you in constant touch with the market and brings fresh information on priceless short-notice sales to your immediate attention.

"Having attended my first auction I have really had my eyes opened. Visiting auctions will certainly add a very interesting and lucrative string to my bow. I thank you. Most beneficial." B.D., Wolverhampton

"Having attended auctions locally, I was amazed how cheap many of the goods were being sold off at. I realise the good value where the purchaser can more than make up the cost at his first auction." R.R., Bradford

"I have made enough profit from ONE sale to pay for [the information] 90 times over!" M.M., Yorks.

And as featured by Watchdog 'Value for Money', The Independent, Bella, BBC Radio, Business and Assets, LWT, PC Plus and The London Evening Standard.

Special Introductory Offer - Save £20

As a special introduction to **GAN** new subscribers save a full **£20.** Begin your subscription today and claim **12 monthly issues** for only **£39.50** (rrp £59.50). Don't delay, simply complete and return the form below - no stamp needed. Your first issue will be despatched immediately. Money back guarantee if not delighted.

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

YES, Please send me **Government Auction News** every month for 12 months. I wish to take advantage of the new subscriber discount.

NAME

ADDRESS

Post Code

Send to: **Government Auction News FREEPOST (SE8648), Romford RM6 5BR**

1330	OFFICIAL USE ONLY MEMBERSHIP NO.						

To Bank

Sort Code | | | |

Bank Address

Post Code

Current Acc. Name

Account Number

Please pay to National Westminster Bank plc (60-19-26) 14 Sloane Square London SW1W 8EQ, Wentworth Publishing Ltd, account number 88957659 on receipt of this order the sum of £39.50 only. Thereafter, commencing on the first anniversary of this order, please pay fifty nine pounds and fifty pence annually, until countermanded by me.

Date Signed

© 1998. Registered at the British Library, ISSN 0996-1034. GAN is a contributor to The Independent newspaper. We hope to recommend other products and services to you. If you do not wish to receive details please write to GAN, 17 Fleet Street, London EC4Y 1AA. Mastercard/Visa Hotline: 0181 597 0181 Fax: 0181 597 4040.

First Direct PC Banking is only available in the UK. Enquirers must be aged 18 or over. In order to safeguard our customers, certain transactions may require written confirmation. First Direct reserves the right to decline to open an account for you. First Direct credit facilities subject to status. For written details of our services write to First Direct, Freepost, Leeds LS98 2RF. To maintain a quality service, calls may be monitored and/or recorded. Free banking means no charges for cheque and cash machine withdrawals in the UK, standing orders and direct debits, Switch payments or monthly statements. First Direct is a division of Midland Bank plc.

Member HSBC *Group*

first direct

a bank that looks after people!

At First Direct we always put our customers' interests first. Which means we make sure you can bank when, where and how you want. We're always open. We don't ever ask you to stand in a queue. And the person you deal with treats you as an individual - and arranges your banking needs accordingly.

it's not too good to be true

That's what it's like when you bank at First Direct, the UK's leading 24 hour bank. The happiness and individual needs of our 910,000 customers are paramount to us, so anything you think is important we naturally take very seriously.

free banking in every sense

So not only are you free to bank as you please, but banking is free too - no charges for everyday transactions, even if you're overdrawn. And we automatically provide you with a fee free £250 overdraft, as we understand the need for a little flexibility from time to time.

offering you real independence

We also offer PC Banking at no extra cost - allowing you to do your banking yourself. In addition to our Cheque Account we offer other competitive services too - including Visa Card, saving, borrowing, travel and insurance - so you can do all your banking in one place. And you also get the reassurance of knowing we're a member of the HSBC Group.

making banking a pleasure

Everyone gets the usual stuff to make life that little bit easier. The First Direct Card with Switch facility, the free bill payment service, and access to cash machines across the UK including Midland. We'll also give you every assistance to make changing your current account straightforward. Why not call free on **0800 24 24 24**, complete the coupon or visit our website at **www.firstdirect.co.uk**. We look forward to hearing from you.

for 24 hour banking call free

☎ 0800 **24 24 24**

please quote ref BK958 www.firstdirect.co.uk

or post to: **First Direct, FREEPOST, Leeds LS98 2RF**

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms or Title Surname

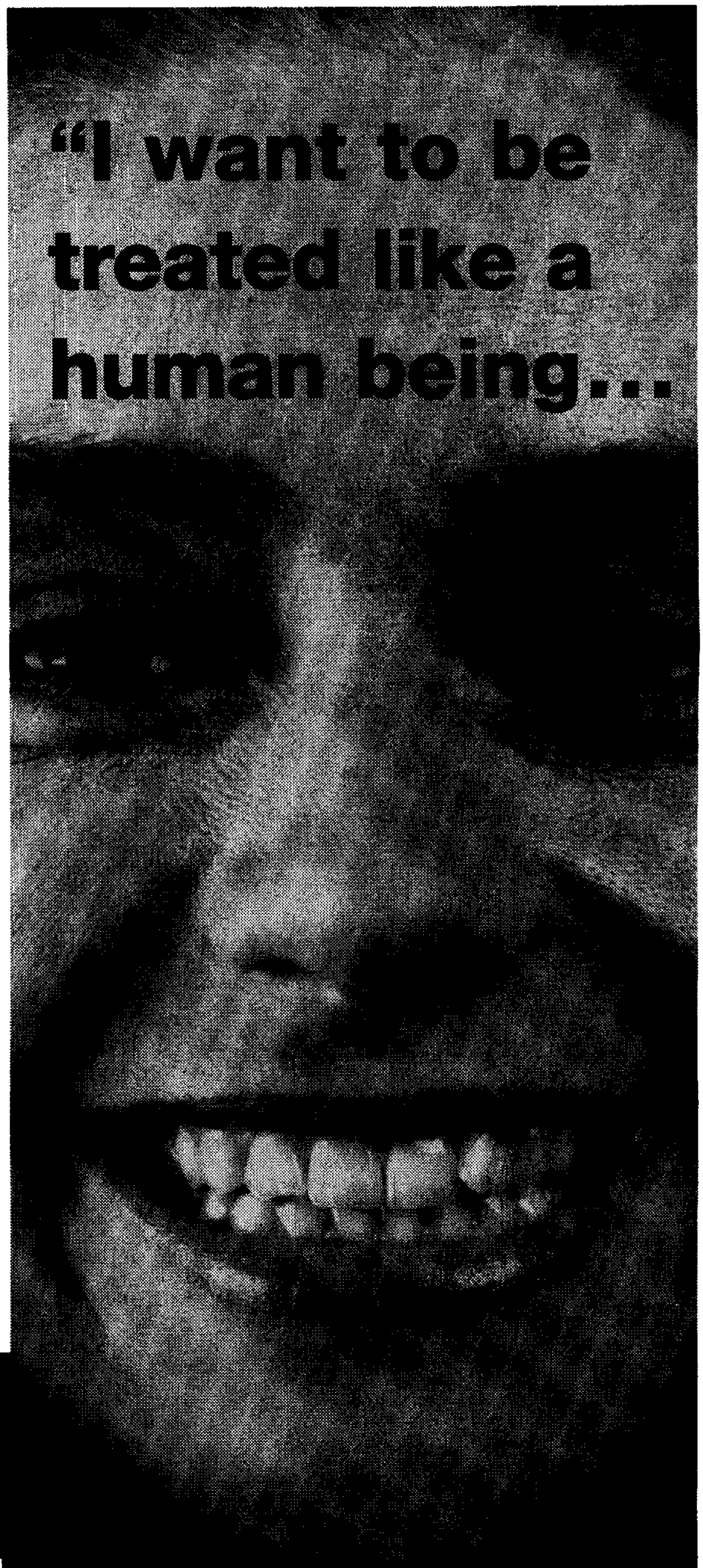
Forename(s)

UK Address

BK959

Postcode

Telephone No



...that's why I bank with First Direct"

Sarah Bates, First Direct Customer since 1995

Gnome

A PREDICTABLE chorus of derision and disapproval has greeted my appointment of my long-time companion and personal masseuse Ms Rita Chevrolet as editor-in-chief of the *Gnome on Sunday.*

Critics are saying that Miss Chevrolet (49-28-49) has little or no experience of editing a newspaper.

Others maintain that this is merely a cheap publicity stunt and a desperate last ditch attempt to save an ailing title.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Miss Chevrolet is a highly-experienced journalist with an intuitive grasp of my nether regions. *(Surely "what young people are thinking?" Ed.)*

Miss Rita Chevrolet is available for press, radio and TV interviews. Call Mr Max Clifford, our publicity stunts organiser, to make an appointment. Hurry, hurry, while paper lasts.

E. Strobes
pp. Lord Gnome
Canary Yoof
Porter Street
London EC.

"You may now kiss the groom"

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

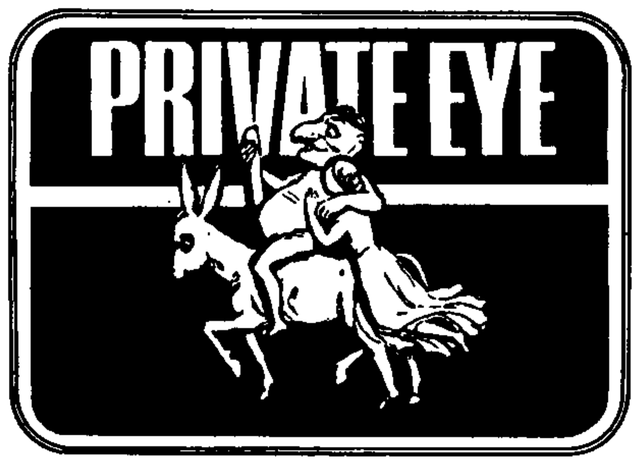
£17 per annum. Europe and Eire £25.
Airmail — rest of world £33.
Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.

PRIVATE EYE SUBSCRIPTIONS
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
Tel: 0171-228 0588. Fax: 0171-924 3719.
Email: eyesubs@cix.co.uk

EDITORIAL
6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
Tel: 0171-437 4017. Fax: 0171-437 0705.
Email: strobes@private-eye.co.uk
http://www.private-eye.co.uk

ADVERTISING
Tel: 0171-839 6306

ABC
CONSUMER PRESS



COLOUR SECTION

IS THE Government so keen to keep the Good Friday agreement on track that it is prepared to sacrifice the safety of its former dirty workers?

It would appear so.

Last Friday, solicitors acting for the Crown Authorities (aka MI5) told the former IRA member and RUC agent Martin McGartland – shot by the IRA in Tyneside three weeks ago – that they would not be responsible for his fate. The reason for washing their hands of him was because he had given a TV interview – in disguise, but against their advice. They now "regard him as having assumed complete responsibility for his own security".

But the Crown Authorities conveniently forget that they have been declining responsibility for Mr McGartland for the past two years ever since his cover was blown by Northumbria police and the local Crown Prosecution Service, who insisted on prosecuting him for perverting the course of justice by using different driving licences.

After hearing of his dangerous double life as an IRA informer, the jury at Newcastle Crown Court took less than ten minutes to acquit Mr McGartland, but by then everyone, especially his former colleagues in the IRA, knew who and where he was.

Negotiations for a new safe identity for Mr McGartland broke down in March last year after the Crown offered a derisory removal package, which would have left him substantially out of pocket. But, far more crucially, they also declined to remove his details from police records.

Given that the police national computer is far from secure, that officers have been known to tell or sell its contents and that the police had already blown his cover once, it was not surprising that Mr McGartland was adamant his safety could only be guaranteed by purging all mention of him.

This was declined and just over a year later McGartland, like other IRA informers before him, was blasted six times at close range. Miraculously he survived the wounds to his stomach and chest and was placed under 24-hour protection. His solicitor, Nigel Dodds, was confident that the Crown Authorities would at last offer a safe package. That was until the ITV interview. On Friday, Northumbria police withdrew their armed guard and confirmed the fact to the world and the IRA in a press statement, saying he had chosen to leave against their advice. And on the same day came the letter from Warren and Allen, solicitors for the Crown Authorities.

Over the weekend Northumbria police did a U-turn and agreed to take Mr McGartland back under police protection. But Northumbria's Knacker has made it clear that this is a short-term measure, arguing that Mr McGartland's long-term security is an issue for the Crown. Now Mr Dodds has asked Home Secretary Jack Straw to instruct his security services to do their duty by Mr McGartland so that the IRA cannot finish the job it started on him.

JONATHAN Aitken, the millionaire arms dealer, *(er, "debtor, liar and old lag'. Ed)*, **has, it seems, finally flipped over the edge. He believes witchcraft may have played a part in his downfall.**

He has, in all seriousness, been telling friends that David Leigh, the journalist who exposed his corrupt relationship with the Saudis has been resorting to the dirty tricks of the occult.

He claims the veteran broadcast and newspaper hack sent nasty parcels to the Aitken's London household during his doomed libel trial against Leigh and his employers at the *Guardian* newspaper and Granada television.

Some were supposedly addressed to Paula Strudwick, the one-time hooker who had a long affair with Aitken just after his wife, Lolicia, gave birth to their twins, and some were addressed to Lolicia, c/o Ms Strudwick. Some contained porn and some dolls with pins stuck in them.

So upset by the effigies was Lolicia that according to Aitken, she called in a priest to carry out an exorcism. Aitken has admitted to his chums that he can't prove Leigh's involvement – there's a surprise. He just "feels" it to be true.

Leigh goes to extraordinary lengths for his journalism, but says voodoo has never proven be an effective investigative tool. Informed of Aitken's allegations, Leigh said: "I always thought he was a psychopath. Now I think he is a deranged psychopath."

Unless, of course, these ramblings – like his appalling poetry – are all part of a cunning ploy to persuade the world he has developed that strange affliction that allows the rich and influential to escape jail, curable Alzheimer's.

GRUESOME Home Office minister Mike O'Brien is at the centre of not one, not two, but three PFI cock-ups.

While the Tories appointed Siemens to run the immigration service's new computer system, it was O'Brien who exacerbated problems by authorising a massive office move to add to the growing disaster. O'Brien also authorised the Passport Agency PFI scheme, overruling union objections. However, unreported outside the trade press, O'Brien is now getting stuck in a third PFI problem. A £60 million PFI scheme to build new Home Office headquarters is in disarray.

There are three main bidders for the project – Jarvis, Bovis and developer Godfrey Bradman. Initially, bids which included a "double-decant" were accepted. This would involve moving staff out of the Queen Anne's Gate offices while they are refurbished and then moving them back in when the job is done. A "double-decant" is the cheapest solution and is part of the Jarvis and Bovis bids.

However, at the last minute the Home Office said it would no longer accept a "double-decant" for Minister, Metropolitan Police and Prison Service staff affected. In a panic over existing chaos in the department, ministers suddenly feared more disruption. Bovis and Jarvis have thus been led to bid on false pretences and are threatening to sue for compensation. The alternative would be to allow them to re-bid, but they would then seek the costs of their former bids.

MOHAMED FAYED's favourite Tory, Charles Wardle MP, says that the police "engineered" the Phoney Pharaoh's arrest last year to humiliate and intimidate him because of his allegations about an MI5 plot against Princess Di. Fayed agrees, claiming that Inspector Knacker was blatantly trying to bully him.

This is a subject on which "Chairman Mo" has some expertise, of course. Through his security chief, John Macnamara, he regularly "engineers" trumped-up arrests to, er, intimidate and humiliate staff who incur his wrath.

The mysterious willingness of local rozzers to do Fayed's bidding was drawn to the attention of Met commissioner Sir Paul Condon long ago. Earlier this year he privately assured a Fleet Street editor that disciplinary action against certain officers could be expected "very soon". We're still waiting.

● *Tributes to Janet Pisspoorter* *7,24*
● *Greg Dyke: let arslikhan commence* *10,21*
● *That Murdoch Wedding: exclusive pix* *20*
● *Chick fiction* *25*
● *Slicker on* **Rogue Trader** *28*

Street of Shame

JOURNALISTS have long lectured the nation about the evils of political lobbying. But what is less well-known is that some of them have commercial stakes in lobbying companies themselves.

The *Eye* can reveal that Peter Kellner, who pontificates for the *Evening Standard* and *Sunday Times*, is a director and shareholder of Political Context Ltd.

Based in Buckingham Gate, Political Context Ltd is a "public affairs" company. Kellner has been a director and shareholder since January 1997 and so has his wife, Catherine, a policy adviser. Last year Peter Kellner raked in £11,834 in consultancy fees.

Political Context has also placed two peers on the payroll to do some judicious influence-peddling. A director and shareholder is Lord Clement-Jones, a former Kingfisher Group executive and front-bench Liberal Democrat spokesperson. And Baroness Thornton, a Labour peer, has been a paid consultant.

On 30 March 1999, Kellner published a huge feature in the *Evening Standard* headlined "Revealed: How Hard The Life Peers Really Work". Some Lords were singled out for praise: "Lord Clement-Jones is the hardest-working member of the new intake. Closely followed by three baronesses: Miller, Goudie and Thornton."

Somehow Kellner failed to mention that Clement-Jones and Thornton were on the payroll of a lobbying company in which he was a director and shareholder.

THE Rugby Football Union's investigation into the *Mail on Sunday*'s "scoop" claiming that Lawrence Dallaglio openly snorted cocaine at Harvey's pub in Battersea on 8 May after another triumph for the Wasps looks likely to get nowhere fast.

Central to the RFU investigation are sworn affidavits from two witnesses who worked for Harvey's who, for a fee not unadjacent to £10,000, alleged that they had seen Dallaglio snorting top grade coke.

Embarrassingly for the *MoS,* their star witnesses did a runner on the day the story was printed, leaving Harvey's short of one chef and one barmaid.

Still, at least the *MoS* has given the sworn affidavits of Harvey's former chef, Richard Kinley, and former barmaid, Helen Staples, to the RFU. The only problem is that the affidavits are in the names of "Richard Nicholls" and "Helen Griffiths", who do not exist. As such they are not worth the paper they are written on, let alone £10,000.

THE *Guardian* was quick in the race to the moral high ground over the news that Janet Street-Porter was to edit the *Independent on Sunday*.

Its leader column on the subject, entitled *Trivial Pursuits*, twittered: "How refreshing it would be if, say, Tamara Beckwith could be considered for the appeal court bench...Why should Tara Palmer-Tomkinson not succeed Cardinal Hume, or Mel B become the next commissioner of the Metropolitan Police?"

Meanwhile over in Ian Katz's *G2* section, readers could read a piece on the amusing types one might meet at the Glastonbury Festival, the best pink watches to buy, "eight things that make Elton John a pop superstar" and how "Patsy Kensit and Liam Gallagher have never looked happier".

THE normally-waspish music writer Norman Lebrecht was in uncharacteristically fawning mood when he interviewed the Royal Opera House's chief, Michael Kaiser.

Painting Kaiser as the man who had saved the troubled opera house, Lebrecht ran a news story as well as his interview in the obliging *Torygraph* quoting (as news) Kaiser saying the financial crisis was now over. In fact Kaiser has said exactly that on receiving a large injection of Arts Council funds over six months ago – funding that was negotiated before Kaiser Mike had even arrived from America to take up his post.

Lebrecht, however, continued in sycophantic mode saying: "Kaiser's appointment... had calmed nerves both within and outside the organisation and his budgetary skills have produced a balance far better than the rosiest predictions."

No need to mention the reduced number of performances from the opera company then, nor the hiring out of the publicly-subsidised Royal Opera House to commercial promoter Victor Hochhauser.

What can have come over Lebrecht? Perhaps the realisation that he is writing a book about the Royal Opera House and has access to key staff and archives is controlled by none other than Michael Kaiser.

IN *Eye* 976 we reported how former *Sun* chief sports photographer Roger Parker, sacked in 1994 on trumped-up charges of stealing film and fiddling his expenses, had taken his former employers to the cleaners in May by proving that all the allegations were false.

Two weeks ago Parker, in the pool of photographers at Edward 'n' Sophie's wedding, took one of the best shots of the couple emerging from St George's Chapel at Windsor. This was duly used by a number of papers the day after – including the *Currant Bun*, which gave it a full page in the rag's royal wedding souvenir pullout. The paper sourly didn't give Parker a byline, leaving readers to assume that it was the work of *Sun* man Arfur Edwards.

Parker did not have to go long without a byline on a major picture story, however. When British tennis hope Greg Rusedski was knocked out of Wimbledon by Mark Phillippoussis in what was generally agreed to be a poor performance, the *Mirror* used a Parker picture of a miserable-looking Rusedski and blew up the *Sun* logo on his shirt to rub home the point.

John Carter, marketing manager at Eastleigh airport, said: 'Safety is our prime concern. A lot of airports are near runways and the airport links are a selling point.

Portsmouth News

JUST FANCY THAT

"Readers may have thought that it was back to the tabloid bad old days... Roy Greenslade reveals why the *Sun* has come out smiling over Boyzone... the mother and the *Mirror*, unfortunately, have got entirely the wrong end of the stick... about two months ago Boyzone's publicists, the Outside Organisation, did become aware that somebody was trying to sell a story about Gately's sexuality... Outside's team discussed the problem with Gately. He decided that it was time to come out... at that meeting it was decided to approach the *Sun* because the PRs and Gately have been pleased with the way the paper has supported the band... perhaps *Mirror* editor Piers Morgan should appreciate that he doesn't have a monopoly on goodness any longer."

– Roy "Media Guru" Greenslade, *Guardian*, 21 June

"Gately didn't get much help from his pisspoor PR agents, the aptly named Outside Organisation. Faced with what could only be called blackmail, his agents rejected two options which were open to them – sending their client to the police or, more effectively, to the *Mirror*... instead they gave the *Sun* exactly what it wanted..."

– *Eye* 979
(simultaneously with Greenslime's analysis)

"Gately recently went public in the Sun on his homosexuality. It is not necessary, however, to ask Walsh about this – he introduces the subject himself. And no, 'it was not a carefully-orchestrated publicity stunt,' he says. Gately's announcement was forced, he maintains, by the *Sun* saying it was going to 'out him'. 'I was very worried about the effect it would have...' "

– Boyzone manager Louis Walsh, interviewed in the *Irish Times*, 1 July

HOW THEY ARE RELATED

"HE goes to the parties so you don't have to" is the alluring slogan above a *Grauniad* column called The Insider. Tough work, but someone has to do it. His column two weeks ago included a nice plug for struggling style mag *The Face*, and another for a new club called the Rock'n'Roll Bar.

By a curious coincidence, The Insider is, in fact, Richard Benson, group editor of style mags *Arena* and, er, *The Face*, who was also involved in the launch of the Rock'n'Roll Bar.

By another coincidence, the editor of the Style section in which his column appears is one Laura Craik – who just happens to be Benson's girlfriend.

WORLD OF HYPE

EXCITING news from Hollywood where a forthcoming attraction will be none other than our own dear Tony Blair.

Fresh from his triumph in the Balkans (which, funnily enough, most of the American media failed to notice), our PM has decided Los Angeles is the place to be. He'll visit later this year (preferably when parliament's sitting) and in the meantime Angelenos can make do with a digital disc (DVD) featuring himself.

Produced by the cinephiles at the foreign and commonwealth office, Britain – The Big Picture kicks off with an introduction by Blair, filmed in Downing Street, during which he basically begs American film producers to cross the Atlantic.

Blair then introduces various creatives and kicks off with Star Wars director George Lucas who tells the PM: "I've shot here in London because I think the talent base is enormous; great acting talent, great crews and a lot of ability to do largescale productions."

Various other people, including Titanic producer Jon Landau follow, all making similar points. While Titanic was filmed completely abroad, it's certainly true that the latest Star Wars epic was shot in Britain. Unfortunately what isn't mentioned on the DVD is that it is the last Star Wars prequel to be made here. Future films in the series will be shot in Rupert Murdoch's splendid new production complex in Australia.

Indeed the Fox Studios in Sydney are already competing for all the largescale, effects-driven projects that used to come to Britain. At one stage there was talk of Murdoch actually making films in the UK where, courtesy of his papers and BSkyB, most of his money is made. Perhaps rather than appearing in a pointless DVD Blair could raise the issue with Rupert next time he's visiting Number Ten.

LAST MONTH'S state visit by President Goncz of Hungary was seized-on by Simon Lewis, Blair's spin doctor to the Queen, as a chance to do a bit of modernising. Lewis expected the usual gaggle of stuffy courtiers to object to his plans to jazz-up the state banquet and tone-down the formality of the official welcome, but he hadn't reckoned on the Queen herself digging her heels in and telling him what he could do with his plans – in the best possible taste, of course.

The sticking point was Lewis's brill idea that the Queen should join Mr Goncz on a shopping trip to Tesco. But she had not been amused by the massive coverage of her visit to a branch of McDonalds earlier this year, so put her foot down this time *(That's enough common touch – EW)*. Trouble is, the Hungarians (big Tesco fans) thought it was a great idea. In the end Lewis had to compromise. As she had forbidden any other royal to potter round the aisles with him, Goncz had to go to Tesco on his way to catch the flight home, after the state visit had formally ended.

Alas this still made it into the Court Circular (Ed. S. Lewis) which didn't please the Queen. He had already been on the receiving end of the royally-wrinkled nose last month before this balls-up, when he did a bit of modernising *re* Royal Ascot. His new trendy Court Circular blandly announced that "The Queen attended Ascot races". This was a marked change from the usual form of "The Queen honoured Ascot races with her presence."

Little things like that mean a lot to the old girl and Lewis is learning that she is not to be messed with. For the Queen has her own subtle means of revenge: her Lewis impressions at family dinners are said to be nearly as good as her Robin Cook.

IRISH JIGS

THERE's little sign of an end to the feuding between The Artist Formerly Known As Sinead O'Connor (TAFKASOC) and the not-very-penitent lads and lassies at the West Belfast Festival.

This annual event has been repeatedly victimised by the detested British occupying forces, who each year make the festival committee (which includes Gerry Adams, his personal assistant and Old Bailey bomber Siobhan O'Hanlon, and retired IRA kidnapper Danny Morrison) accept huge sums of hated pounds sterling.

Two festivals back, a number of people queried the Arts Council's decision to fund a play called Bin Lids, in which an actor playing a member of the Welsh Guards was ritually "executed" on stage by two IRA men (who were, presumably, also just acting).

Some thought that it was odd that this "drama" was acted out in a (government-owned) further education college courtesy of £87,000 worth of state funding for the producers and the festival.

Gerry Adams, though, offered his "warmest congratulations to all those involved", particularly the play's co-writer, Danny Morrison.

It was he who uttered the famous words, "who will object if we take power on this island with an Armalite in one hand and a ballot in the other?"

In London earlier this year, Morrison bumped into TAFKASOC and suggested that she might appear at this year's festival, in what its press handout describes as "wonderful, wonderful West Belfast."

The singer-turned-preacher agreed and her name was heavily used by the organisers in advance publicity. What they didn't realise was that she intended to denounce so-called punishment beatings. In particular, she wanted an eight-year-old victim to appear on stage with her.

When they found out, the organisers ordered her to drop the idea, prompting TAFKASOC to walk. "This is the festival committee's fault, not mine. Wrong is wrong. And there are no excuses for violence, none whatsoever, whatever anyone says," she told a Dublin magazine, before continuing in appropriately pious mood. "They shouldn't have tried to tell me what to say or what not to say. I'm a priest for fuck's sake. What did they expect?" Obedience probably, for a lot of people seem to have an irrational fear of the festival committee.

Morrison replied by arguing that the victims of such "community policing" were actually being used by "the government and the RUC to demoralise the community.... There is a real possibility that Sinead was misquoted or that she was speaking sincerely but does not fully appreciate the complexities of the issue."

Although TAFKASOC has pulled out, bizarrely, Status Quo and boyband Westlife will still be appearing at the festival. Other attractions include a new play called "Forced Upon Us" (this time, the police get killed), the Bobby Sands Soccer tournament and the (very busy) "West Belfast Cemetery Tour".

Naturally this hasn't deterred half a dozen public bodies - including the Arts Council, Community Relations Council and the Northern Ireland Tourist Board - from coughing up the funding for the week-long parade of joy.

Oddly, though, they've been joined from the private sector by the brewing giant Bass, which presumably reckons that putting up sponsorship money lessens the chances of its pubs being blown up.

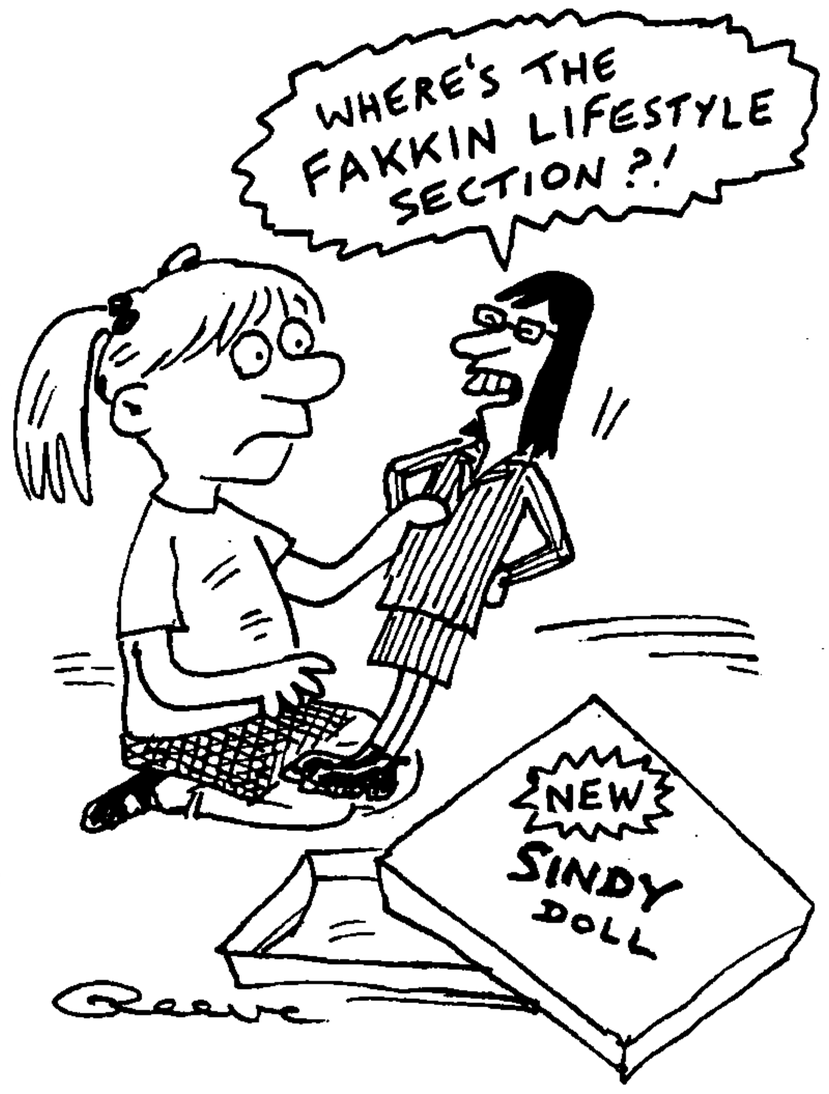
Drinkers who find this objectionable are of course free to drink other brands - such as Guinness - instead.

HACKWATCH

Janet Pisspoorter

JEALOUS rivals have claimed that Janet Street-Porter, the self-effacing new editor of the *Sindie*, has no newspaper experience other than a brief stint as fashion editor of the *Evening Standard* back in the days of Harold Wilson and hot-pants. Not so: she wrote a column for the *Observer* as recently as 1995, during the editorship of Andrew Jaspan. "The media likes to paint me as a goggle-eyed harridan with big teeth without a brain in my body," she said last week. "But my record speaks for itself." Indeed it does...

12 November 1995. Janet introduces herself to *Observer* readers. "I'm proud to say I've made a career out of being trivial. I think it's an art form...I drink with comedians, I eat Sunday lunch with Neil Tennant from the Pet Shop Boys and go to Will Self's book launch." Oh, and she has a masterplan for Saturday afernoons on Radio One. "Chuck out dreary indie pop. Get rid of Ethnic Cymbals and flute music from the Andes...What does Britain's public do after 2pm on Saturdays? We shop. We get our credit cards cooking. We want high-energy techno spend music. Music that validates our activity, not music made by under-privileged hard-done-by inhabitants of a Third World village. We want music made by shopping devotees, who understand our needs – Erasure, Pet Shop Boys..."



26 November. Time for a correction and clarification. "Some of my friends felt that by telling you all that I have spent a lifetime devoted to the pursuit of the trivial, I have rather undersold myself. This week I shall try to make amends by covering the waterfront, culturally speaking." Without further ado, she logs on to porn sites on the Internet. "I was eagerly awaiting the contents of a site entitled Bianca's Smut Shack. This turned out to be a selection of male nudes. After placing my mouse on a strategic place, I was able to admire their well-endowed splendour on full screen. But – and it's a big but – looking at a naked man pixellated on a screen is somehow not as exciting as full glossy colour." Most instructive.

10 December. "As you know, this column covers the waterfront, and this week I've been doing it literally." Yup, Janet has donned her trainers and strolled beside the Thames at Blackfriars. She thinks that going for walks is "a brilliant idea". The night before, she attended the equally brilliant British Comedy Awards, where "Max Bygraves strode purposefully into the room and shook my hand". Janet can't understand why people grumble about these TV awards ceremonies. "All I can say is that millions of people happily watch them, and there's always a great party afterwards where you can ogle people like Bruce Forsyth and Michael Ball and Freddie Starr close up".

14 January 1996. Janet is spending the New Year in Miami Beach. When she came 15 years ago the area was full of "crumblies, old folks with their sticks, their hearing-aid shops". Now, however, it's all hip and happening. There are lots of hotels "decorated in art-deco-meets-Cuban colouring by people like Barbara Hulaniki, my old friend from London in the Sixties". Janet, of course, is staying in the trendiest place of all, designed by Philippe Starck. "Whom should we see when we went down in the lift for dinner but Naomi Campbell, who had to say hello because she was with a friend from New York, the art dealer Tony Shafrazi. In the Sixties, he was famous for being incredibly nattily dressed...He sported a pair of hand-made, damson-coloured, patent shoes for God's sake..."

28 January. Janet has moved on to the Redneck Riviera of southern Mississippi, where she is profoundly sickened to see "thousands of overweight Americans" playing fruit-machines in the casinos. Without a Naomi Campbell or Pet Shop Boy in sight, Janet at last understands the true meaning of deprivation. "The noise is insistent, rhythmic, repetitive and numbing. Acres of slot machines in permanent use, each little altar housing a supplicant clutching a plastic bucket full of coins...I find no romance in these places – they redefine the emptiness at the centre of American life."

11 February. "For connoisseurs of the weird, the tacky and the sublimely trivial like myself, visiting Las Vegas is an uplifting experience," Janet babbles excitedly. "Rows of slot machines and gaming tables that look exactly the same...And once you change your first $5 bill into quarters and feed them in, you're hooked." Rhythmic, repetitive and numbing, in other words. But what's unacceptable in Missisippi is mega-excellent and sort of zeitgeisty in Vegas, the only drawback being the mirrored walls and ceiling in her hotel room. "I kept waking up thinking I was taking part in an orgy featuring eight versions of me. Ugh!"

25 February. "I've had all the press on the telephone this week," Janet boasts, "anxious for my thoughts on Liz Forgan's departure from the BBC." She draws on her own experience to offer some good advice. "The only way to get over what several years of corporate culture does to a creative brain is to do very little for six months." Oh, and nourish your creative brain with lotsa culture. "Tonight, for example, I am planning to go to the London Weekend Television recording of *An Audience with Freddie Starr*."

10 March. Janet finds it "pretty depressing" that lottery money will be used to finance a glass dome over the British Museum "What the arts in this country do not need are glass domes. The lottery cash should be used to create living art..." Such as, for instance, something by Damien Hirst. "You can see why banks and building societies love sponsoring something like Cezanne or Lutyens. It means they can have a posh opening for all their important customers. You can't see this happening alongside a dead cow in embalming fluid, can you?" Er, actually you can: Damien's been lavishly sponsored by Charles Saatchi for years. But there's no stopping Janet as she gallops along the cultural waterfront. "We should be promoting the Beatles," she advises the government, "not Shakespeare."

24 March. "I've become the object of loathing for thousands of dreary techno-buffs, or Internerds as I like to call them," Janet reveals. And for why? Because she presented a Channel 4 programme attacking the Internet and all who surf it. "I said on television that the good thing about the Internet is that it soaks up the sads from society, and keeps them tapping away in their bedrooms when they could be boring you to death at parties." To her amazement, some of these sads had the nerve to ring Channel 4 and complain. What's their problem, eh? All she'd done was to question "whether hours of logging on and off prepares devotees for life in the real world" – presumably the world of Vegas casinos, Philippe Starck hotels, Will Self book launches and high-energy techno spend music.

April 1996. *Observer* editor Andrew Jaspan is fired – and his successor, Will Hutton, immediately sacks Janet as well. Still, as she noted presciently in her 25 February column, "for creative people, you can only do the same job for so long". No doubt many staff at the *Sindie* will soon make the same discovery.

IN THE TEAROOM

SO, the Prime Minister hasn't even begun to think about the reshuffle and all those stories about Mo moving sideways and poor old Dobbo being strong-armed into running for Mayor of London are the pure fantasies of hacks with nothing better to write about?

Well, up to a point.

Tony Blair is being ever so slightly disingenuous. He knows as well as anyone that these reshuffle rumours, like so many before, have their source inside his own cabinet. At this time of year, senior ministers make up for in imagination what they may lack in competence or achievement. And the rumours they start have a significance. They represent, in coded form, the secret aspirations and darkest fears of ambitious and desperate men.

And why shouldn't the PM be preparing a thorough house cleaning? After all, "New" Labour shouldn't be contemplating going into the next election with talents like Geoff Hoon and Alan Milburn languishing in B-list jobs with virtually zero name-recognition scores, should they? And why not replace the embarrassingly useless Jack Cunningham with someone like Lord Falconer, who has not only sorted the Dome in double-quick time, but is also a friend?

And isn't Robin Cook beginning to look irritatingly smug on the world stage? Why not pack him off to be "Lord of the Isles" – central overseer of the developed Celtic fringe? Or sack him altogether so he can be the back-bench sourpuss every PM needs, an unattractive magnet for the discontented. Let's face it, there are some people you'd really prefer on the outside pissing in rather than vice versa.

When he finally gets round to thinking about the matter, the PM can thank his own Government for all the above suggestions. The only wheeze he owes to an overexcited media is the one that has Mandy brought out of purgatory to be an "honest broker" in the Northern Ireland peace process.

That really was Lunchtime O'Booze on a rainy afternoon in Canary Wharf. And yet... why not?

'Urquhart'

TONY Blair may soon wish he had stayed behind in Belfast. For dealing with suspicious Unionists is one thing. Coping with incandescent trade unionists is quite another.

There is an outside possibility that the slumbering cart-horses will shortly wake up and give Tony a nasty kick in the pants. The TUC's boss, John Monks, recently whinnied that the brothers and sisters were being treated like "unwanted elderly relatives". Now the Government's promised employment protection legislation is being deliberately mangled in the House of Lords – on Blair's orders, Monks must be wondering if a rest home is to be his final destination, or worse.

The unions have long kept their counsel as "New" Labour was bulldozing a familiar landscape of "mutual trust and support". Spurned by the Dear Leader in favour of the captains of industry, the big unions were expected to cough-up for the party and then shut up. Their silence was bought by the promise of new legislation to make it easier to recruit new members, while offering more protection to those already in a union. Even before the legislation arrived in the Lords, the unions had watched helplessly as it was repeatedly watered down. Their "concerns" would be listened too, they were promised. Their "suggestions" would be taken on board. Yet all the while Downing Street was taking on board the concerns and suggestions of the employers, especially the newspaper barons.

Once Monks, Morris and Edmonds discover that DTI ministerial advisers have been holding talks with News International, talks which may have produced special dispensations for newspaper groups from sections of the Bill, they will go ballistic.

"NEW" Labour control freaks are resorting to alarming measures to make sure the Prime Minister avoids hearing any bad news or comes face to face with any of his growing army of back-bench critics.

The weekly meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party used to be an occasion when the Labour leader met his backbenchers privately and attempted to answer their questions. But as the fall-out from the Euro elections continued to reverberate, extraordinary attempts were made to control last fortnight's meeting. With at least a dozen MPs ready to raise the party's disastrous Euro performance, PLP chairman Clive Soley ensured that none of them were picked – with the exception of Tam "O' the Binns" Dalyell.

The whips were sure that a) They couldn't get away without picking a rebel speaker, given the media hype which had preceded the meeting, and that, b) Tam was bound to speak about Kosovo, thus providing a perfect opportunity for a volley of Tony's Churchillian sound bytes.

Sadly for Soley and the whips, however, Dalyell launched into a blistering critique of Blair, which was first accompanied by youthful tittering, but which soon died away into a fearful silence during which a pin could have been heard to drop. "This may be unpalatable to some," said the brave Tam, "but it is your style of Government, Prime Minister, which is the reason for our dismal vote. The voters took the opportunity to teach you, Tony, a lesson."

Even the usual toadying Ben Bradshaw ended his gushing protestation of undying loyalty with a gentle warning that members were angry at not being able to pick their own Euro candidates. Fearless lobby hacks failed to record any of the advice that Tam, or anyone else, had offered the PM, instead reporting the press office handout which claimed that the meeting had been "constructive" and that MPs had heaped praise on Blair for his wise leadership.

POOR Margaret Beckett must be feeling very unloved after she was made the Aunt Sally for New Labour's trouncing in the Euro-elections.

The leader of the House (not for much longer) has re-arranged her planned pre-summer drinks party because it clashed with the lobby hacks' piss-up. How sad. She has become such a New Labour pariah, that she believes friends – as well as foes – would prefer to be seen at the alternative bash.

BOB WAREING, the highly litigious Charlie Drake lookalike MP for Liverpool West Derby, has won the jackpot yet again. The successful libel action this time was against the *Liverpool Echo*, which was forced to cough up a sum believed to be in the region of £40,000 for maligning the 67-year-old political stalwart's reputation.

The unfortunate local rag made an expensive error by suggesting that Wareing was an admirer of President Slobodan Milosevic. Bob's appearance on anti-Nato platforms to denounce the war was in fact motivated solely by his desire to see a peacefully negotiated settlement of the Kosovo conflict.

Wareing has, however, not endeared himself with his parliamentary colleagues in the past regarding his stance on Serbia. A few stomachs were turned when he shook hands with Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic in 1995. Two years later, he was suspended from the Commons for a week by the standards and privileges committee over allegations that he failed to declare payments from a firm run by a Serb-born businessman.

One may think that Slobabob's libel damages will make up a nice little retirement nest egg, but the Very Old Labour MP is adamant he will be standing again at the next general election. Millbank has other ideas and has sent a copy of Wareing's voting record to his constituency party in the hope that they will select someone else next time round.

NICK RAYNSFORD, Minister for London, will be demonstrating the Government's commitment to the renewal of the inner cities on 22 July by visiting some of the regeneration projects which are being undertaken by the Spitalfields Development Group in East London.

Raynsford is going to Spitalfields to unveil *Vortex*, a sculpture by Barbara Sandler, which is the first work of public art to be commissioned as part of the development.

No doubt the day will be a proud one for the Chief Executive of the Spitalfields Development Group, Mike Bear... and an even prouder one for his wife, the sculptor Barbara Sandler.

THE tenacity of Norman Baker, the Liberal Democrat MP for Lewes, in trying to discover just how much vaccine – made from mad cows' brains and other body parts – has been used on an unsuspecting public is slowly paying dividends.

Three months after the *Eye* first revealed the threat to the public from dodgy bovine serum and the Government's apparent reluctance to destroy it, Mr Baker has now discovered that stocks were still on the shelves and in use three years after the BSE alarms went off.

The latest Commons answers squeezed by Mr Baker from the Junior Health Minister, Tessa Jowell, have revealed that Government safety measures introduced in 1989 did not ban the use of old, risky vaccine – and neither did European Commission guidelines issued in 1992.

Ms Jowell continues to stall on the key questions of how many risky vaccines were used and on whom.

LABOUR members who attended a recent policy meeting where stunned by the reaction of Home Office Minister Paul Boateng to their forlorn efforts to get the Government to re-consider the abolition of some jury trials and their hope that Ministers might restore axed benefits to 17 year olds.

Boateng, who once stirred the faithful with his exhortation on the night of his 1987 election win by bellowing: "Today, Brent South! Tomorrow Soweto!", went into Lilleyesque paroxysms as he exhorted followers to be "tough on crime and tough on the causes of crime" and think of the victims of crime.

"I urge you," said the emotive Boateng, "to think of the single mum who lives on the seventh floor. The lift doesn't work and when she and her son climb down the stairwells, the place is littered with discarded hypodermic needles and syringes. I urge you to always think of that single mum."

What the by now quite lachrymose old fraud had failed to mention, however, was that the said single mum had probably seen her benefits cut by "New" Labour. She would also probably be lumbered with her son into early middle age since "New" Labour has also cut young persons' benefits. Tough on them, then.

NOOKS and CORNERS

"There, there, it's not the end of the world"

AS THE Government ponders whether to give its blessing to the controversial Mixed Oxide Fuel (MOX) processing plant at Sellafield, British Nuclear Fuels (BNFL) is preparing to send a shipment of the weapons-grade plutonium and uranium mix to Japan.

The International Atomic Energy Authority has classified MOX a weapons-usable material. Consequently the two carrier ships destined for the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear power plant will be armed, but there is still sufficient risk to have prompted parliamentary questions about possible hijacking.

Foreign Office Minister Tony Lloyd gave a dismissive reply to one such question in the Commons on 18 May: "The transportation system is very safe. I defy any terrorist to breach it. Even in the more lurid and purple descriptions of what terrorists might want to do, trying to seize shipments of MOX would come very low on the agenda".

Foreign Secretary Robin Cook has a long history of siding with the anti-nuclear lobby. In 1978 when BNFL and its French equivalent, COGEMA, first signed a contract with Japan's ten electricity companies, he commented on a CIA memorandum which suggested that further global permissiveness might one day lead Japan to acquire nuclear weapons.

"I cannot conceive," said Cook, "of greater global permissiveness than precisely the type of contract we are seeking to promulgate with the Japanese which will give them a much greater store of plutonium than they could ever acquire through the reprocessing plant that they possess at present."

A review of nuclear reprocessing was mooted at a cabinet committee meeting shortly after the 1997 general election, but Cook spoke against such a review saying it would damage bilateral relations with Japan, according to sources close to the Foreign Office. The Foreign Office, of course, officially denies this.

Could the advice to Cook have come from our man in Tokyo, the British embassy's Counsellor for Atomic Energy, Tom McLaughlan, currently on secondment from BNFL?

DR DEREK Barrie warned the *Eye* (979) not to believe everything we read in "the increasingly awful *Scotsman* newspaper", but he has the *Scotsman* to thank for trying to spare his reputation a few years back.

Now Campaigns Officer for the Scottish Liberal Democrats, who achieved the pisspoor total of one MEP in May's European elections, Dr Barrie was once chairman of the former North East Fife District Council.

But in 1988 he was forced to resign and was dismissed from his post as a teacher for Fife Regional Council. An article in the *Scotsman,* headed "Fife councillor in policy inquiry leaves politics", claimed that Barrie had been at the centre of a police investigation, but gave no further details.

The local press in Fife was not so kind and did not hesitate to report that Barrie had been fined £200 for acts of gross indecency with a 19-year-old youth in a public toilet.

'Backbiter'

NOBODY likes to admit they are wrong — least of all this government. Better that a decent, useful historic building be demolished than that the *amour propre* of a bureaucrat be undermined.

The building in question is the former Pupil-Teacher College in Clarence Street in the centre of Liverpool. It is a rare survivor of this building type, opened in 1898 and designed by Thomas Mellard Reade, an architect, engineer and geologist who merited an entry in the *DNB*.

It is a decent, jolly, well made and serviceable structure with elaborate terracotta detailing which English Heritage recommended should be listed at grade II. But its present owner, Liverpool Community College, would prefer to demolish and replace it with something else (even though the city is full of empty sites), so the department for culture media and sport obligingly declined to list.

This decision, however, was challenged by SAVE Britain's Heritage, which in March sought judicial review in the high court — and got it. The Hon Mr Justice Scott Baker announced that "the decision of the secretary of state for culture, media and sport... be quashed on the grounds that the secretary of state was under a duty to give reasons for his decision and failed to do so." Hooray! It looked as if the whole listing system might be both strengthened and made more accountable by this precedent.

But now the secretary of state has reconsidered his earlier decision and — surprise, surprise — he still thinks that the Pupil-Teacher College is still not of sufficient architectural or historic interest to be listed. And, this time, the secretary of state, aka Mr Paul Alsey, head of listing, archaeology and world heritage branch, has given reasons in a letter to SAVE. As these reasons contradict the opinion of English Heritage, among others, it is worth hearing them.

While the secretary of state considers that the college "is undoubtedly pleasant with some interesting detailing, in his view there is nothing in the two assessments carried out by English Heritage to indicate that the design of the building is sufficiently original or of such quality as to regard it as possessing 'special' qualities, or that it displays types of features which cannot fairly commonly be found on many other buildings of this period." In fact, the English Heritage report unequivocally stated: "This is a most remarkable building, of a very fine architectural quality and also great historic interest. I know of no comparable example."

The secretary of state then notes that, according to another report, by Donald Insall Associates, much of the internal tile work and other features have been damaged or lost. In fact the interior was intact and in good shape until last December, and has only been damaged as a consequence of the original refusal to list. He also quoted the Insall report's view that the college had no architectural relationship with its immediate neighbours and therefore there was no case for listing it for reasons of "group value". But the building has much in common with buildings nearby and has been proposed for inclusion in the Mount Pleasant conservation area in Liverpool.

Why, you may ask, does the secretary of state set such store by the conclusions of Donald Insall Associates — more, indeed, than on the opinion of his statutorily established advisers, English Heritage? After all, the Insall report was commissioned by Liverpool Community College, whose whole object is to rubbish the Pupil-Teacher College so it can be cleared away in favour of a whizzy "state of the art" new college building. One might think that poor old Liverpool had suffered enough, and that surviving historic buildings — especially one of such importance in the history of education — might be regarded as precious. But no.

To sum up I can do no better than quote the redoubtable and splendid Florence Gerston of the Save Our City Campaign. "In conclusion," she wrote to Mr Alsey, "I find your letter extremely insulting. It is an insult to English Heritage, to SAVE Britain's Heritage, to the Victorian Society, and to the individual experts who supported the listing of the former Pupil-Teacher College. It is grossly insulting to those of us who, over decades, have worked to protect the waning architectural heritage of this once splendid city."

NOT that listing historic buildings necessarily protects them, as we know all too well. No 40 Grove Lane in Camberwell is part of a terrace built in 1793-98 and is listed. Until very recently it was an intact Georgian house, retaining all its original internal mouldings and, in the basement kitchen, the original cupboards — a rare survival. No more.

The house was bought by the actress Jenny Agutter and her husband John Tham, who runs the smart hotel in Cliveden House. And, almost instantly, all the mouldings and the cupboards ended up in a skip. Not content with that, they replaced some of the rear windows with examples of "Ikea Gothic" which their unfortunate neighbours now have to look at. By the time the Southwark council conservation officer took notice, it was too late — and nobody would dream of taking legal action against a famous actress, would they?

But why do such people buy historic houses if they do not like them? Who cares what their "taste" and lifestyle is: our stock of authentic historic buildings is diminished and others have been denied the opportunity of living in what had been an unspoilt Georgian town house. It is the selfishness of the rich that repels as much as their arrogance.

'Piloti'

OPERA NEWS

THE music world is rife with rumour that the recent *Cardiff Singer of the World* competition (aka *Screacher of the Planet* and *Tonsils of the Universe*) had less to do with vocalists and more to do with conductors – or rather *semi*-conductors.

The Korean bass who won the lieder prize featured low on most people's list of likely winners; so low that Brigitte Fassbaender, the great German songstress who was commentating on the event for the BBC, failed to mention his lieder singing at all. Why did he win?

It hasn't escaped the notice of some that not only was he the first Korean to enter the contest, but also that the Korean firm Lucky Gold Star, which already has a plant in South Wales, LG Electronics, is wavering in its decision to build a second plant, LG Semicon, which could employ hundreds in the manufacture of semi-conductors.

Could this sudden enthusiasm for Korean talent in the Land of Song help clinch the deal? Surely not.

● A COUPLE of years ago the singing coach and would-be Svengali Gerald Moore (not to be confused with the distinguished accompanist of a few decades ago) got himself into hot water with Diva-next-door Lesley Garrett, when he used an extract of a broadcast of *Die Fledermaus* in which she failed to hit a high note as the "beep" on his answer machine.

Unluckily Garrett rang Moore's machine herself, heard the offending item and supposedly threatened to sue. He removed the message but retaliated by nicknaming her La Nodula. All went quiet until a few months ago when the *Telegraph* opera critic Rupert Christiansen suddenly did a hatchet job on Garrett, taking great pains to rip her vocal technique to pieces. And who was Christiansen's paramour at the time this article appeared? Why, none other than Gerald Moore...

The lovebirds have since parted company, since when Christiansen's attitude to the standard of singing at ENO seems to have taken a U-turn and the critic has had more time to spend among his old cronies.

● MORE evidence of the healing power of music after Ernest Saunders, of Guinness and recovering-from-Alzheimer's fame, attended Glyndebourne recently for the opening night of Handel's *Rodelinda.*

The opera has a complicated plot and a series of confusing Italian names for the leading characters. But happily there were surtitles to help the hard of thinking follow the action. Assuming he can still follow the plot of a three-act opera, Saunders would have felt very much at home. The hero's position is wrongfully usurped and he is put in prison by his enemies. Fortunately his family do not lose hope, and with help from his friends he is rescued from jail. He gets his old job back (ruling his kingdom) and forgives everyone as he gets back into the action at the end of the last act.

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'

ITV

Give Your Mate A Break (ITV) Star Secrets (BBC1)

OF THE hundreds of people who have passed through television talent shows over the decades, most are still the barmaids or gas fitters they originally were, albeit with a proud, but fading, videotape in a drawer somewhere.

A handful of them, however, are Peters and Lee, Bobby Crush, Lena Zavaroni and Victoria Wood. Because of that last name, telly execs feel obliged to keep the genre going, although it is now the broadcasting equivalent of a bottom-of-the-league team which scouts still feel obliged to watch because it once produced a Premier League striker.

Talent shows also score highly in these egalitarian times because they are seen as offering access to the public. The Sun's thuggishly populist telly critic Garry Bushell runs two recurrent campaigns aimed respectively at ending the licence fee and encouraging more talent shows on television. Strangely – although Bushell probably doesn't realise it – these causes are linked in that it's hard to make a case for both existing.

The BBC has recently run two talent contests. One was hosted by Ronan Keating and the other fronted by Jane McDonald, who was discovered by The Cruise, a representative of the docu-soap. This is a genre which has become an unofficial talent show, translating learner drivers and hotel clerks into celebrities. But such shows will always sit uneasily on a network funded by the licence fee.

Given that the new kind of talent show tends to begin with a makeover – in which experts transform the performer before the public sees them – it seems hard to justify using licence-payers' money to launch someone on a career which, if successful, will bring millions to them, but no commercial return to the BBC. If the corporation invests money in a drama, it makes some back in sales. But a BBC talent show invests public money in starting up the purely private enterprise of stardom.

For this reason, star-maker series' should sit more easily on the third channel, home of Opportunity Knocks and now Give Your Mate A Break (ITV). Hosted by comedian Les Dennis, this show is notable for the number of other television formats which it nicks or "quotes", as Matthew Collings would put in Channel 4's This Is Modern Art.

At the start of the show, someone nominated by another member of the public (Hearts Of Gold) is surprised at their place of work (This Is Your Life) by presenter Les Dennis. He then supervises a makeover by experts (Richard And Judy and numerous other morning shows) before they sit in a studio watching from an inset little square as film is shown on the full screen of their activities earlier in the week (Blind Date). Finally the time comes to perform their act in front of a studio audience (Opportunity Knocks and numerous other talent shows.)

What's really odd about this show is that – although this was the opening show of the series – everyone surprised at their workplace seemed familiar with the series title and indeed turned and looked directly and accusingly at the friend they were not supposed to know had nominated them. Funny that. You just hoped that this wasn't an inadvertent "quote" from those shows which have run into trouble for pretending (Vanessa, The Connection.)

Equally strange was that everyone nominated turned out to be a gabby extrovert. It's possible that even wannabe showbusiness types simply have the show-off gene, but another possible explanation would be that the contestants had been seriously vetted.

The winner of Give Your Mate A Break – a loose-limbed young black comedian who suggested a cross between Lenny Henry and Lee Evans – may yet become an A-list celebrity, allowing ITV to make back some money on its investment. But, if he should only become a C-list celeb, he could always appear on the week's other big new entertainment show: Star Secrets (BBC1.)

Hosted by Carol Smillie, this series also "quotes" from many previous television programmes. The basic premise – people confronted with what Smilie calls a "slightly iffy" detail from their past – comes from the old BBC Simon Mayo show Confessions. But this time the contestants are celebrities or, anyway, the woman from You've Been Framed and Emma Noble. An embarrassing home video (You've Been Framed) is shown while the celeb sits on the sofa, their reactions showing in a little inset square (Blind Date, Give Your Mate A Break.) The audience has been told the secret first (What's My Line?) In fact, the show might be called What's My Lie?

Emma's secret turns out to be that she once sang with the Nolan Sisters when she was a little girl. Phew, good thing that never came out when the banns were being read with James! Then the flaw in the show becomes clear when the soap actor who plays Les Battersby, who has been summoned to be faced with the sizzling secret that when he was a fireman, he once went out to get 200 portions of chips, is prompted by the offered clues to confess to a far graver incident in his past. This was the accident in which his arm was almost sliced off. Smillie's unease at this accidental seriousness breaks the fragile mood of jollity.

Ideally, there should not be many editions of this show. But in the final one, if two shifty looking television producers appear, you can safely bet their secret will be that they were responsible for Give Your Mate A Break and Star Secrets.

'Square Eyes'

SPLIT personalities

Bob Moore

Penelope Keith Haring

MEDIA NEWS

A DELUGE of can-I-keep-my-job-please Arslikhan has swept through the corridors of Broadcasting House and TV Centre since the announcement of Greg Dyke's appointment as Director-General.

And one candidate earns himself a special commendation for the Order of the Brown Nose. Mark Hill (for it is he), the grandly-titled Senior Executive Producer/Editor, Leisure Programmes, at BBC Bristol, was quick to e-mail Dyke to tell him of his pleasure at the news.

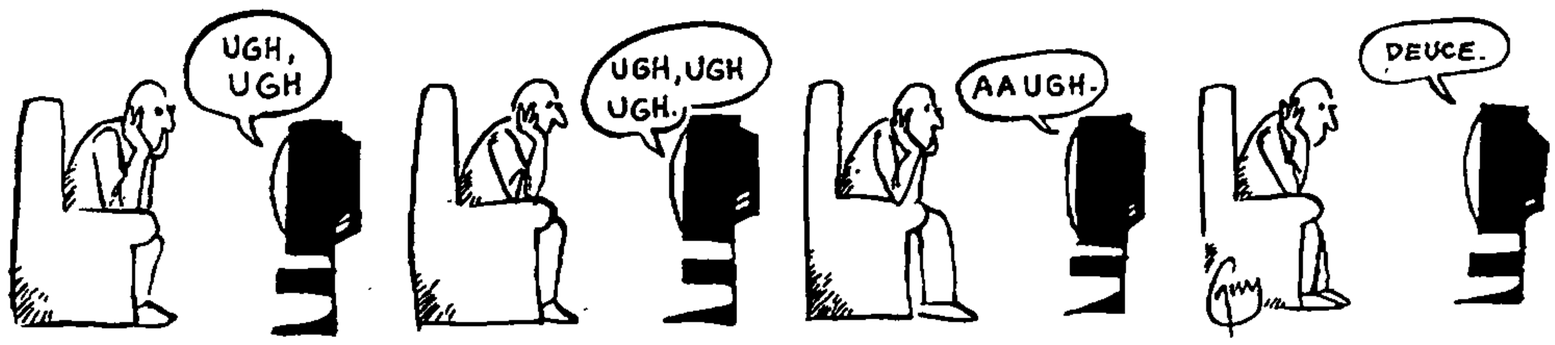
Unfortunately "Over The" Hill omitted to check the D-G Designate's address before doing so. "Fantastic News!" was the message that greeted an unrelated Gregory Dyke, an *Eye* reader from East Anglia. "Many congratulations on your appointment," Hill went on. "This is just the kind of dynamic leadership that the BBC desperately needs. Looking forward to working for you for a fifth time!"

In case the identity of Mr Hill had inexplicably slipped Dyke's mind, he appended a PS to the message: "ex-Pearson, GMTV, LWT, TVS!". Let us hope that Hill's message eventually reached its intended recipient and he receives the promotion he evidently so richly deserves.

AT A recent libel seminar organised by solicitors D.J. Freeman, followed by the firm's summer party, the guests included Glen Del Medico, the BBC's head of legal affairs.

This came as quite a surprise to a senior BBC producer who was also present. Some years ago this producer tried to persuade Del Medico to employ the services of D. J. Freeman. "Oh no, they're Jews," Del Medico replied. "I wouldn't use a Jewish firm." It seems, however, that he's happy to enjoy their hospitality.

9 NEWS
I WANT TO BRING TO THE WORLD'S ATTENTION THE PLIGHT OF A MULTITUDE OF REFUGEES...
KATE ADIE
War Correspondent
DRIVEN OUT BY A RUTHLESS DICTATOR...
DISPOSSESSED, ROOTLESS WITH NOWHERE TO GO...
AND WITHOUT EVEN NATO TO SAVE THEM!
BBC WORLD TELEVISION
Adie You're dropped
Ken Pyne



DYKE's appointment has coincided with a subtle editorial change on the letters page of *Ariel*, the Beeb's pisspoor in-house rag. For years the page has been swallowed up by hundreds of tedious complaints about the catering at Television Centre. Now, as if by magic, letter-writers have discovered that News 24, the Beeb's unwatched but costly rolling-news channel, is bloody awful as well.

"How many of News 24's night-time viewers are actually viewing?" queries an unkind headline. One letter points out that News 24 was scooped by the Press Association when the BBC's own new DG was revealed. Another tells readers that Gerald Kaufman had appeared on Newsnight saying: "The BBC needs a DG who can get rid of the waste of money that is News 24, which has only 0.1% of the viewing public." A third, although attempting to highlight the channel's "success", reminds by now crestfallen colleagues that the *Sun* also wants the Beeb to "ditch the unpopular News 24 channel".

Could these be early signs of a bandwagon beginning to roll? Dyke is clearly sharpening the knife for some of the Beeb's viewer-free output. The question is whether it will be News 24 that gets the chop or BBC World, its infinitely better cousin. Axing News 24 would save far more money, but would be far more embarrassing – after all, £60m has already been spent on this Birtist flagship project. Better, perhaps, to snuff out World, which was launched with much less hype and might be closed down just as quietly.

RUMOURS that Dawn Airey, a chum of Dyke and director of "programmes" at Channel Five, might be preparing to pitch for the plum job of controller of BBC1 have caused widespread panic at Television Centre. In fact, phase one of the bid, say the tearoom Jeremiahs, has already been completed, with a traditional display of brown-nosing on Newsnight and in the *Guardian* about the "brave and bold" decision to make her old pal the new D-G.

And phase two is now well under way, with the publication of her "less-than-radical-so-don't-panic" recipe for re-invigorating the flaccid channel: "In terms of getting BBC1 back to premiership form there aren't that many changes needed. A couple of hit drama serials, entertainment shows and pre-watershed comedies and everyone will be asking what all the fuss was about" (*Guardian* 28/6).

But what *kind* of hit dramas, entertainment shows and comedies? Alas, like the vast majority of the UK population, few members of a BBC selection board will have ever seen any of Airey's programming on C5. So, to ensure that all the facts are at hand for any future interview, here is a cut-out'n'keep guide to the highlights.

Drama. According to a highly critical ITC report, C5's "failure to run original drama" of any kind means that there are few examples available (*Times* 7/5). But perhaps the crowning achievement was *The People's Princess: A Tribute* bought by C5 from L!ve TV and aired to coincide with the anniversary of Diana's death. Sadly it was hailed by horrified critics as "breathtakingly bad" (*Mail* 21/8), "awe-inspiringly bad" (*Independent*, 17/8), "toe-curling" (*Standard* 18/8) and "appalling" (*Independent* 22/8).

Meanwhile, C5's "popular" drama stable is represented by the soap *Family Affairs*, so utterly pisspoor that its writers had to kill off the entire family of the title in a bomb explosion so they could start again from scratch.

Entertainment. Basically soft porn and gameshows, such as *Can We Still Be Friends*, "a cross between Blind Date and Jerry Springer" (*Telegraph* 26/3), "compared with which *Blind Date* is like a bracing dialogue with Wittgenstein" (*Guardian* 21/3). Airey seems untroubled with criticism of this "cheap trash" (*Sunday Times* 25/4), preferring to bank on the obvious talents of C5's most prolific presenter, Melinda Messenger: "I truly believe she could be another Cilla. We're big on broads, bosoms and entertainment and she's a natural" (*Telegraph* 26/3). If Airey goes for BBC1, how long before Messenger gets a hugely expensive contract?

And here's more from the C5 "entertainment" and "comedy" catalogue: *Stags and hens*: "nothing more than a home video" (*Mirror* 18/6), *Damon Hill's Wild and Whacky Races*: "a waste even of C5's airtime" (*Standard* 20/5), *My Secret*: "horrible" (*Telegraph* 24/4), *The People v Jerry Sadowitz*: "sad" (*Mirror* 25/3), *My Titanic*: "loathsome" (*Guardian* 15/4), "specious" (*Standard* 24/2), *What's The Story*: "really dreadful" (*Guardian* 24/2), *Pig At The Ritz*: "hardly worth making" (*Telegraph* 13/2), "pointless" (*Independent* 13/2), *Family Confidential*: "poor, very poor" (*Guardian* 22/1), *Tracey Takes On...*: "very unfunny" (*Mirror* 16/1), *Night Fever*: "dim" (*Mail* 28/12), *Teen Pin-Up*: "filth" (*Mail* 23/11), *Fort Boyard*: "tacky" (*Telegraph* 17/10), *The Trouble With Beckham*: "irritatingly inept" (*Mirror* 17/10), *This Wonderful Life*: "unpleasant" (*Telegraph* 8/8/98), and as for the entire output of Channel 5 sport? "Pathetic" (*Mirror* 8/8).

Perhaps unwisely, Airey boasts that she has turned C5 into "a channel in my image in many respects", which probably explains why she was happy to summarise its contents thus: "films, fucking and football" (*Guardian* 8/6).

CARDINAL HUME's funeral caused a few headaches at the BBC. Television was easy: clearing BBC1's schedules was a simple decision, especially as the funeral was expected to draw bigger audiences than the usual Friday morning trivia. But radio was another story.

The natural home of such events is Radio 4 and within hours of the Cardinal's funeral date being confirmed schedulers arranged to transmit it on long wave. But R4 controller James Boyle decreed that the funeral should go out on the more accessible FM frequency, so solemn announcements to that effect were made after news bulletins.

Boyle had not thought the matter through, however. When he realised that the cardinal's funeral mass would last around two hours he changed his mind, leaving Jenny Abramsky, director of radio, to try to find a solution. Enter Roger Wright, suave controller of Radio 3, who saw an opportunity to raise the profile of his network. The service was handed over to R3.

Such was the success of the broadcast that Wright is now keen to make R3 the natural home for such big live events. Boyle is unlikely to object, for R4 is becoming increasingly tetchy about such occasions interfering with its schedules. Coverage of Edward and Sophie's wedding ended up on Radio 2 after Radio 4 schedulers refused to give up two hours of a Saturday afternoon. BBC press briefings on the matter were somewhat economical with the truth when they said that Radio 4 was being kept free for possible world cup cricket coverage that day. A call to Lord's confirms that no matter how much rain had fallen there was never going to be any play on royal wedding day – the eve of the world cup final.

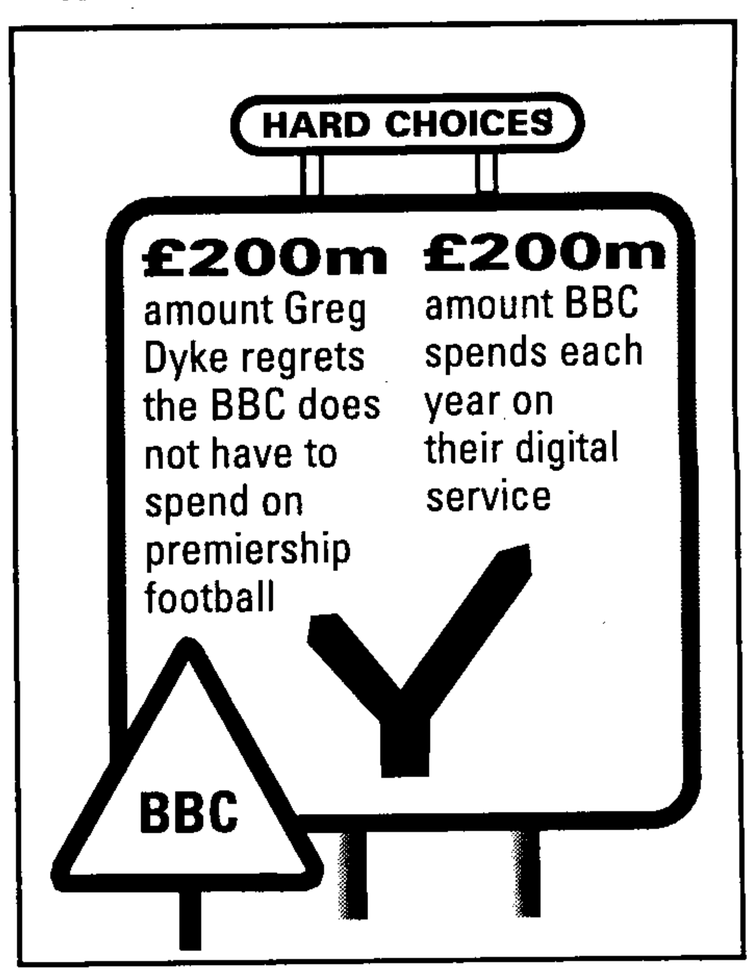
IN THE week that Trevor McDonald was knighted, his pisspoor current affairs show *Tonight* was proudly boasting an "exclusive" interview with Kevin Baker, brother of DJ rapist Richard Baker, whom he had shopped to the police. Just the sort of scoop you would expect on the eve of Baker's sentencing from the Granada/ITN team who promised to break the mould in television journalism.

Alas! *Tonight* editor Jeff Anderson was apparently unaware that Kevin Baker had already given a lengthy interview to Channel 4's *The Real Story of the DJ Rapist*, which was to air half an hour before the heavily hyped edition of *Tonight*. Worse still, he couldn't actually have run the interview even if he'd wanted to: it hadn't actually been filmed, despite all the newspaper billings and TV listings the previous weekend which claimed that it had.

Perhaps, following Kevin Baker's example, ITV's controller of news and current affairs Steve Anderson should shop his brother to the ITC, the television policeman, for seriously misleading viewers.

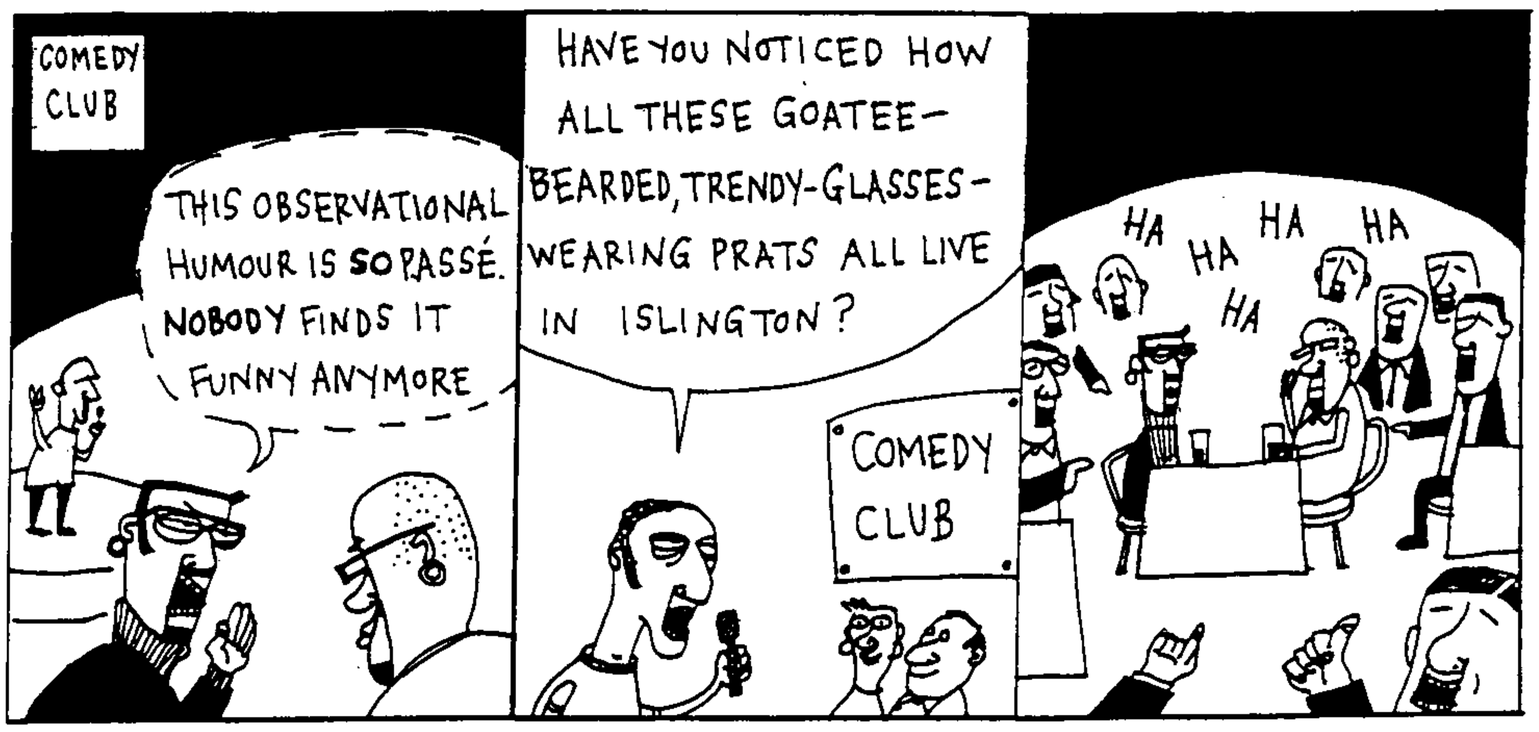
IN OUR last issue we revealed that ITV boss Richard Eyre belongs to a Croydon-based religious cult called the Folly's End Fellowship. We also directed readers to the Folly's End website, which prophesies that God will soon drop atomic bombs on Japan and the Middle East and establish Croydon as His spiritual HQ.

As soon as our story appeared, however, the section of the website devoted to prophecies disappeared for a "redesign".


HARD CHOICES
£200m amount Greg Dyke regrets the BBC does not have to spend on premiership football
£200m amount BBC spends each year on their digital service
BBC

IT'S GRIM UP NORTH LONDON

KNIFE & PACKER


COMEDY CLUB
THIS OBSERVATIONAL HUMOUR IS SO PASSÉ. NOBODY FINDS IT FUNNY ANYMORE
HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW ALL THESE GOATEE-BEARDED, TRENDY-GLASSES-WEARING PRATS ALL LIVE IN ISLINGTON?
COMEDY CLUB
HA HA HA HA HA

DOING THE ROUNDS

Junior doctors

JUNIOR doctors are currently threatening industrial action on pay, conditions and the extra 13-year delay in the hours' reductions promised by Virginia Bottomley in 1991 and reneged on by successive health secretaries ever since.

As with everything in the NHS, the root of the problem is money. Junior doctors are paid a basic salary for the first 40 hours, and thereafter paid for each contracted additional duty hour ("ADH") at a rate of only 50-100 percent of the basic rate, depending on the perceived intensity of out-of-hours work. There are three levels.

"On-call" is supposed to be the least intense, with a maximum of up to 32 hours average overtime paid at just half the basic rate. In theory there must be at least eight hours' uninterrupted rest per 32 hours on duty.

"Partial shifts" are moderately intense and paid at 70 percent of the normal rate. The average maximum overtime is supposed to be 24 hours a week, and there should be at least four hours' rest per 16 hours' duty.

"Full shifts" are the most intense and are paid at the basic rate. The average maximum overtime is meant to be 16 hours a week, and doctors have to be available for work at all times during shift.

Not surprisingly, ever since the system was introduced junior doctors have been paid at an inappropriately low level for the amount of rest they get. Very few jobs now guarantee eight hours' rest on call, and even four hours' rest has become increasingly rare. And yet the vast majority of juniors are paid either 50 percent or 70 percent of their basic rate for overtime, and told to stuff it if they complain. Hence there is no pecuniary incentive to drive the hours down and juniors continue to be exploited.

Last week M.D. met a junior doctor at the Bristol Children's Hospital who had averaged 84 hours a week for the last two months because he/she had to cross cover for colleagues on leave. And the BCH casualty is one of the only ones left in the UK that expects juniors to work on 24-hour shifts. In winter the workload goes up and they get no rest at all.

In addition many junior doctors work beyond the maximum overtime hours allowed by their shifts, but find it virtually impossible to claim remuneration for this. Health secretary Frank Dobson has earmarked a lack of doctors as a major problem and this is undoubtedly true. If all the jobs that should be full shifts were classified as such, the hours each doctor was allowed to work would (in theory) come down and the personnel office would have to invent more doctors to fill the posts.

However, given that Dobson believes it will be 13 years before adequate reinforcements arrive, there is simply no excuse for not paying the existing juniors at overtime rates that reflect the intensity and complexity of their work. At present a house officer working a rota will earn £3.88 per hour for overtime – just 28p per hour more than the minimum wage and a lot less than the hospital porters, domestics, cooks and car park attendants get. This applies right round the year, including Christmas, bank holidays and the healthy department's predicted millennium slaughter-fest.

Paying juniors premium rates for overtime won't immediately solve the manpower crisis, but it will, at a stroke, curb the grossest exploitations and stop juniors being asked to do inappropriate portering, clerking and nursing tasks because they are the cheapest out of hours labour in the hospital. And it might even help recruit and retain the doctors Dobson believes are necessary for the NHS to survive into the next millennium.

M.D.

"It's just typical teenage spots – or, as it used to be known, gonorrhoea!"

DOWN ON THE FARM

The Chicken and the Egg

THE great Belgian dioxin panic, leading to a European union ban on exports of eggs, poultry and meat potentially contaminated with cancer-causing chemicals, continues to help shine a powerful spotlight on some of the curious practices prevailing in the murky underworld of the modern food industry.

Last issue we revealed how Belgian eggs were still being imported into Britain and then, quite legally under EU rules, being stamped with the "lion mark" to fool British supermarket customers into thinking they were laid by good old British hens.

Now comes evidence that precisely the same thing is happening with Belgian poultry – even though Brussels has pronounced (decision 1999/390/EC) that it is illegal to import Belgian chickens without proper certification to show they are free of contamination.

A confidential letter has gone to members of the British Poultry Meat Federation (BPMF) reporting "we are aware of substantial quantities of Belgian chicken being imported" by two (named) major poultry importers "and also of Italian chicken which is not packed in accordance with the hygiene directive".

Says Peter Bradnock, the BPMF's secretary: "I visited Smithfield market yesterday and was most concerned at the apparent lack of proper certification provided for Belgian chicken on sale there...

"Neither MAFF nor port health authorities," he continued, "are routinely inspecting imports at the port of entry because they say this is against EU single market legislation. We are urging senior officials to reconsider this and to take action under safeguard procedures. We are also taking this up with Nick Brown."

The BPMF council, he further reported, had agreed that members should "continue to promote the safety of British poultry to retail buyers and other customers, but should not generate any publicity which might cause alarm to consumers... We are therefore holding off from involving the consumer press or MPs in this campaign at present."

Members of the federation were asked, if they were offered any imported poultry which did not comply with the law, to let the BPMF know and it would be taken up discreetly "with the authorities".

Meanwhile an unimpeachable source reports from the West Country that a major poultry processing plant has been importing large quantities of illegal Belgian chickens and then, with the full approval of the plant's official vet employed by the meat hygiene service (MHS), *repacking* them with Union Jack labels to kid consumers into thinking that they are British chickens.

It is the story of the lion-marked eggs all over again. For even though importing the chickens is wholly illegal (commission decision 1999/390/EC), the relabelling of them with the Union Jack is... legal under other EU legislation, which lays down that so long as food is processed or repacked it can be marked as coming from the country where this takes place.

Already this has caused major problems to the British poultry industry through the importing into Italy of huge quantities of cheap poultry from Thailand. Once the poultry enters the EU, it can be freely exported anywhere in the single market. If it comes to Britain, it can then be repacked, quite legally, with a Union Jack marking, and sold on to supermarkets at highly competitive prices, thus helping to put British producers out of business.

Most recently this was a major factor in the closure of a big West Yorkshire firm, Malcolm Barkers, which was processing more than 70,000 chickens a week from local farmers. But when he lost supermarket contracts because he was undercut by imported Thai chickens from Italy, he was so badly hit he had to shut up shop. Such are the wondrous benefits of the EU's single market.

'Even Newer Muckspreader'

Down on the Fish Farm

DISASTER struck a salmon farm in Loch Hourn to the north of Fort William last month when 240,000 fish, packed into cages unable to sustain them, died of asphyxiation.

The few that survived swam round for days amid the rotting corpses until the stench alerted villagers in Arnisdale, a mile across the sea loch, that something was wrong.

The stricken farm is owned by Marine Harvest McConnell (MHM), a subsidiary of Booker International, which has been trying unsuccessfully to sell off its loss-making fish-fingerling company for the past year. The cost of the disaster is estimated at around £2m, and at Booker HQ luckless David "Nice boy" Windmill, the MHM md, has had his backside badly bruised.

A Scottish office (SO) spokesman said the fish died due to "adverse weather conditions." The SO knows this is true because... MHM told it so. Informed observers, however, believe this explanation is... rubbish. Records show the only adverse weather condition at the time was rain.

Could the cause of the deaths be that the site was grossly overstocked? Had the company run out of places in which to rear fish because of restrictions imposed as a result of the infectious salmon anaemia outbreak?

On 28 May "Ting-a-Ling" Bellwood of the Scottish Environment Protection Agency (SEPA) office in Fort William, who investigated the incident, insisted the company had not overstocked the site. Whoops! MHM has now confessed that it had.

Ting-a-Ling's boss, Prof David Mackay, has since confirmed that his "licensing team comprising a number of highly experienced officers will consider the facts and advise me on an appropriate course of action".

The first fact they should consider is why a site with consent for 32 cages ended up having 46 – and how this "adjustment" was apparently missed by SEPA's "highly experienced officers" first time round. Presumably they can count?

The truth is that once again the SO and SEPA are doing their best to protect themselves and their fish farm chums from embarrassing public scrutiny.

Not content with allowing their fish to suffocate, MHM is also allowing them to escape. Two weeks after the Loch Hourn incident, 20,000 mature salmon ready for slaughter disappeared from the company's cages in Loch Ewe in Wester Ross.

It is inconceivable that these salmon escaped because MHM decided it was cheaper to release them, in spite of the enormous damage they will do to wild fish, rather than incur the cost of disposing of them "officially". Indeed, nothing could be further from the truth. According to the SO, this was just another unfortunate accident caused by "adverse weather conditions". Naughty old weather conditions and lucky fish farmers.

'Old Trout'

SIGNAL FAILURES

Focus on incentives

VIRGIN Trains is not the only company which sometimes seems to encourage people not to travel on its trains (*Eye* 978).

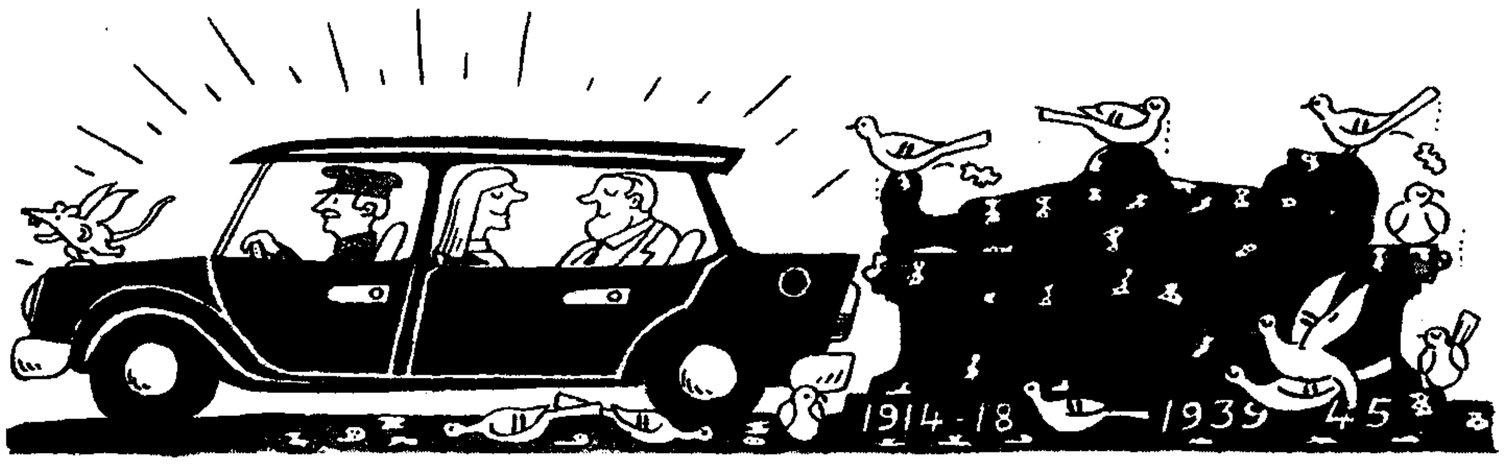
Franchise operator Connex has been issuing tickets which carry on the reverse side an advertisement for travel to France for under £5. But anyone who thought Connex had undergone a Scrooge-like conversion and was offering cheap train travel to the Kent ports or the Eurostar terminal at Ashford was quickly disabused. The small print on the tickets says the bargain price is based on four people sharing a car.

Meanwhile, Railtrack has organised a new scheme that brings financial benefits for its employees. It allows them to "drive away new Mitsubishi cars... at significant savings" and "assumes a contract mileage of 10,000 per annum".

Back in British Rail times those employees got free or discounted train travel across the rail network, but now Railtrack, like many another employer, has little faith in the railway's ability to get its staff to work on time. Or is it that Railtrack wants to keep people who know too much about railways away from its bumpy, life-extended tracks?

Dr B. Ching

ROTTEN BOROUGHS



BACKHAND SMASH

AN INVESTIGATION into allegations of corruption by housing officers has been set up by Southwark council following complaints by tenants' representatives. The claims centre on five council estates in Peckham which between them have received £250m worth of improvements during the last four years.

The work included demolishing decaying council blocks which had become a haven for burglars and muggers, and replacing them with smaller units, many of which had their own gardens. As part of the deal tenants who had to move out while the work was underway were promised priority when it came to allocating the desirable new properties.

Alas, it did not always work out that way. Fraud investigators are examining claims that some staff agreed to drop action to repossess council tenancies for rent arrears if tenants paid them backhanders to be allocated one of the new properties; that former tenants of the five estates who refused to pay backhanders were told they were no longer to be rehoused in a new property as promised; and that staff instigated possession actions against tenants who refused to pay up.

The allegations came to light after locals noticed that some of the new two-bedroom properties had been allocated to single people, contrary to council policy.

KENT county council is a last bastion of old-fashioned Tory values. The council's independent auditors are Price Waterhouse Coopers, who produced a suitably obsequious management letter for the last financial year. Could PWC's toadying have anything to do with the fact that senior Tory councillor Alex King and Kent's chief executive Mike Pitt both sit on the newly established Learning and Business Link quango with Jonathan Wright, senior partner at PWC? PWC and the L&B Link are both generously supporting Kent's Expo 99 extravaganza at this year's county show. No doubt Kent residents can look forward to more years of rigorously independent scrutiny of the council's accounts.

WIRRAL IN THE MONEY

PREDICTIONS in the last *Eye* that Liverpool's director of education Frank Cogley would soon be out of a job were dramatically confirmed when he announced his "retirement" at the age of 55 shortly after Lord Gnome's organ hit the news stands.

Cogley is not even staying until a replacement is found, such is the embarrassment over a damning Ofsted report into the working of his department and the fury of education secretary David Blunkett. A follow-up report by management consultants KPMG is expected to be even more critical, with a recommendation that nearly all Liverpool's senior education management get the boot.

Cogley's most significant achievement during his reign was to persuade the city council to make him a £200,000 interest-free bridging loan so he could buy a house on the Wirral – so his own son wouldn't have to go to school in Liverpool (*Eyes passim*).

Nearly 10 years on, £97,000 of that "bridging" loan is still outstanding. Will it affect the handsome payoff — in the region of £250,000 to £300,000 – someone with Cogley's seniority and length of service in local government might expect? Negotiations are believed to be at a "delicate" stage. Whatever the deal, council taxpayers can be assured of one thing – they will pick up the tab!

CAM AGAIN

CAMBRIDGE social services department, which employed convicted paedophile Keith Laverack as a senior manager and was responsible for the Bramley runaway foster parents affair, has excelled itself once again — this time at the expense of the county's most frail and helpless old folk.

On 1 June the Tory county council cut the number of care agencies for the elderly it employs from 71 to 26. The new cost-cutting regime has led to missed calls, visits cut short, frequent changes of carer and use of inexperienced staff. One 91-year-old woman, a Mrs Jessop, told her previous carer Janet Ruffell that in one week she had been visited by six different carers; sometimes carers did not turn up at all. When Mrs Ruffell checked the log book for Mrs Jessop she found that only half the scheduled calls had been checked off in it. Mrs Jessop was at one stage left in the same clothes and underwear for 16 days until a district councillor, Deborah Roberts, took it upon herself to wash and change her.

The daughter of another elderly client, Mrs Dorothy Germany, told Mrs Ruffell the new carers were rushing through a morning call supposed to last 45 minutes in 20 minutes, and a 30 minute evening call in five minutes. And so on.

Mrs Roberts, an Independent councillor, has demanded a review of the shambles on the part of the district auditor. Perhaps the department's reluctance to pay for proper care for the elderly has something to do with a gaping £416,000 hole in the social services budget for last year.

LEEDS city council's environmental department has issued a public information leaflet containing advice on combating campylobacter, an unpleasant stomach bug increasingly common in the summer months. "Be careful when travelling abroad, where the water supply may not be pure," it concludes sagely. This advice has occasioned some merriment among staff of the department – which spends £2,000 a year on bottled supplies so that they don't have to drink Leeds's disgusting tap water.

"The house is situated in a lively neighbourhood. If you'd like to make your way to the property, I'll give you covering fire!"

Pseuds Corner

Karen Peterson-Krantz (University of Guam), "Reproductive psycho-politics in Shakespeare's Sonnets."
This paper argues that the same psychological and cultural patterns which in the twentieth century result in the desire to achieve human cloning can be seen in the sonnets' desire for parthogenetic and mimetic reproduction of the male aristocrat.

Oxford University English faculty seminar

Meanwhile, colleagues of the Busby-ed Berkeley boys got on with their Balkan business, with their squeaky tanks and dusty boots, eschewing the Business that is Show.

KATHRYN FLETT (On Kosovo)
Observer

Stefan Barden, director of European sauces, said: "This programme is designed to give Heinz Ketchup a single voice around the world and to motivate a reassessment of what ketchup is for and the role it plays in people's lives."

The Times

Andre Gide
PEDERASTY AND PEDADOGY
Naomi Segal, *Professor of French Studies, University of Reading*
This book makes a powerful and sometimes contentious contribution to current debates in gender, feminist, and queer theory. Tracing the hydraulic image in a range of theoretical texts on pedagogy, pederasty, reproductive fantasy, and the anthropology of body fluids, Naomi Segal goes on to examine this imagery in the writings of Andre Gide.

Oxford University Press catalogue

This week the school [Summerhill] has published a booklet celebrating its 75th anniversary. In its description of the school it asks the reader to "Imagine a world where a child can tell you to fuck off not only with confidence, but with the joy of being an individual, and sharing the revolution against the normal values of adult and child, that brings a warm shared smile or laughter between both of you." Boarding fees are £6,250 a year.

Times Educational Supplement

LIVE IN THE PYRENEES
Does this vision give you a sudden sense of joy?

If you are a woman, unattached, 30s-40s, serious, solvent, sensuous, sympathetic, strong (audacious, beautiful, creative, delightful... truthful, useful, visionary, witty... yes please!) maybe artist, editor, scientist and/or webmaster, ready for transformation/fulfilment, read on.

I'm a writer on personal/public/planetary health, visionary and poeet, intent to make my masterpiece, needing sun, scenery, serenity, sanity, security, poised to move from Notting Hill to Catalonia, to create home/workplace/centre with a life partner, in mutual love, trust, support and inspiration.

If the thrill is still with you, tell me who you are, what you want/need, why you are replying, how we might live, where you wish to be at the moment of the new millennium (on Canigou?) and everything else that is most precious to you. Please reply by 14 July. I will then tell my story.

This is the time of our lives.

Guardian introductions

CONTRIBUTORS: Anon, Michael Carlson, Catherine Spalding, Jo Pearson, Derek Morgan, Nick Beale.

£10 paid for entries

Letters

100, not out

Sir,

What a barmy article you published on the World Cup (World of Cricket, Eye 978). There is no official internal document on the way the World Cup was organised – a report won't be produced until the autumn. In the meantime, for the record, it was the most successful cricket World Cup ever with nearly 100 per cent ticket sales, millions of viewers worldwide and handsome financial rewards for all the competing nations. The next time you're stumped for copy try checking your facts first.

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD PEEL,

England and Wales Cricket Board.

Cult following

Sir,

With regards to the "shocking" revelations of Richard Eyre's private religious beliefs (Media News, Eye 979), while I could take your writer to task for using loaded scare words like "extremely fundamentalist" and "American millennial cult" to smear an inoffensive Charismatic church in south London, I would much rather ask the question: What's the point?

Are Christians only allowed high-profile positions when their beliefs have been cleared by the Board of Condescending Secularists?

If the choice for D-G were between a man whose beliefs are shared by millions upon millions of perfectly decent people worldwide, and the man whose tenure will now be one long repaid favour to The Dear Leader, give me the "holy roller" any day. And he can blow his "shophar" as loud as he wants.

Yours sincerely,
MR S. HIEBERT,

Via e-mail.

Lookalike

Cabinet Secretary

Ferengi

Sir,

While browsing the cabinet office website recently, I was struck by the resemblance between Sir Richard Wilson, Cabinet Secretary and the head of the Home Civil Service, and Quark, the Ferengi trader from Star Trek. Could they, by any chance, be a wholly owned subsidiary of the Private Finance Initiative?

Yours,
A PUBLIC SERVANT,

Via e-mail.

No-risk strategy

Sir,

So the Scottish Liberal Democrats held all their Westminster seats on 6 May (Letters, Eye 979). It is difficult to see how they could have lost many, seeing as there wasn't a general election that day.

Yours sincerely,
CHRIS PADLEY,

Market Rasen, Lincolnshire.

Lookalike

Sir,

Is it my imagination or is the enclosed recent photo taken at the wedding of Rupert Murdoch and Miss Deng very reminiscent of a picture with which Private Eye readers are very familiar?

Yours etc,
EDNA B. RUSHTON,

London W1.

Bowled out

Sir,

What an honour for our little party (Plaid Cymru) and our equally diminutive (Caerffili) County Borough Council to be mentioned in your great organ!

As a reader for over 30 years I have waited for this day, and I've not been disappointed: you have duly failed to spot the googly bowled to you by the Labour spinners. Indeed (to goodness) to paraphrase Paul Flynn's verdict on Peter Hain, "they got their fiction in first".

The simple and less interesting fact is that all that has happened is that the basis of councillors' allowances has been changed from lump sum plus attendance allowance to lump sum only. That is what the £2,200 and £5,000 refer to, respectively. This change was agreed to by the previous Labour-controlled council. The reality is that the Plaid Cymru-controlled council, where the number of members has increased by 6 per cent , has REDUCED the budget for their expenses by 3.5 per cent.

*Yr eiddoch yn biwritanaidd,**
J.B. CRIDDLE,

Blackwood, Gwent.

*(*Yours puritanically)*

Mistaken fins

Sir,

Thank you so much for your kind thought in congratulating me on my CBE; it is very much appreciated.

Unfortunately, neither Wolff Olins nor I have ever had anything to do with BA's tail fins or, for that matter, any other parts of its anatomy.

Yours faithfully,
WALLY OLINS,

London N1.

Whoops, sorry. Ed.

One way only

Sir,

I have always admired Private Eye's contempt for "short-termism" in British Business and the City. So what a surprise to see Virgin being criticised for investing in new businesses such as Cola.

Firstly, we were taken to task for not being upfront about Cola's losses, but they had been extensively reported in broad sheet newspapers weeks ago and we had been happy to comment on then. We are growing a new world-wide business and that takes time.

The article went on to criticise other loss-making businesses such as Virgin Rail. Er... wait a minute... Private Eye has recently criticised Virgin Rail for making profits (which it has done for the last two years), so you can't have it both ways!

Finally, you compare these new ventures to Virgin Atlantic, which in your analysis is a valuable business and very profitable. That company was only built into one of the world's best airlines by being prepared to lose money building up its business and to take on and fight BA's dirty tricks in the process. Fifteen years later it is the most profitable airline for its size in the world. That's what long-term investment and venture capital should be all about.

Yours venture capitalistically,
WILL WHITEHORN,

Virgin, W8.

LUVVIES

"Acting is a bit like rock climbing in that the two activities are incredibly exposing. For both, you somehow hang on by your fingernails."

MICHAEL PALIN
Sunday Times
(Nominated by Francis Harvey)

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

Gateau critic

Sir,

Your review of "Hannibal" and my copy of "Hannibal" arrived on the same day. I read your review first, and, having loved "Red Dragon" and to a lesser extent "Silence of the Lambs", was irritated by your literary snobbishness and high-handed disdain for this brilliant jewel in the crown of an underrated genre.

Then I read the book. Then I read your review again.

I have to congratulate you for being right on the money in every single detail. Not a sentence, not a word of your dissection is misdirected or wasted. I expected so much from the book, and cannot remember being previously let down to this extent. Fruitcake ending? Vast, over-the-top, three-tiered wedding-cake ending, complete with cardboard cut-out blood-soaked figurines on the top.

Well done. I apologise for having doubted you. Keep up the good work.

Yours faithfully,
DR PHILIP M. PEVERLEY,

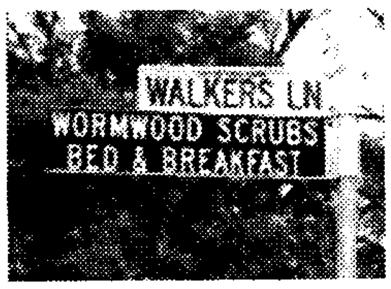
Via e-mail.

SUPERMODELS

KERBER

HOT NEW FASHION— CARDIGAN 'SLEEVES'.....
DESIGN STUDIO
SO DARLING, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
MMM..... FANTASTIC!!
BUT SHOULDN'T THERE BE A 'CHEST' BIT?
NO.....IT'S A MODEL.... ...THEY DON'T HAVE THEM.
OH RIGHT!

I-SPY



Australia

Submitted by Susan de Viana.

Sheffield **– Submitted by Derek Rose.** £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

No juice, we're Japanese

Sir,

While I do not doubt the authenticity of spotter Tom Whitwell's submission about loinclothed shenanigans in Tokyo (Funny Old World, Eye 979), it certainly did not appear in the "Yomiuri Staibon Newspaper".

First, no such paper exists. Mr Whitwell must have been thinking of The Yomiuri Shimbun (shimbun being Japanese for "newspaper").

Second, given that the Yomiuri is, loosely speaking, Japan's equivalent to the Daily Telegraph, I doubt very much whether it would have run a story as juicy as that.

Regards,
JUSTIN McCURRY,

The Daily Yomiuri.

"It's amazing what you can do with one hair"

Neighbourhood folly

Sir,

Piloti mentions the Gamekeeper's House owned by Mr Andrew Foley (Nooks and Corners, Eye 979), that is quietly crumbling away, despite its listed building status: could this by any chance be the same Andrew Foley "as seen on TV" recently in the UK with a shining star part in "Neighbours From Hell"? (He was the one shouting at the film crew to leave his premises, in case there is any confusion here.)

Yours sincerely,
JANE DAVEY,

Skiptvet, Norway.

All a loan

Sir,

With reference to the article on Student Loans on page 29 (Eye 977), there are one or two points in your story which are not accurate.

As of 31 March 99, a total of 452,000 eligible borrowers had chosen to defer repayment on their student loan. This represents 45 per cent of borrowers and is a percentage drop of 3 per cent since last year.

The numbers of students who decide to take out a student loan has increased every year and, consequently, year on year there is rise in the numbers of borrowers who can defer their loans. This year the number rose by a third to 1 million, thus there was a 25 per cent increase in the number of deferrals, however, the percentage all borrowers who deferred repayment dropped by 3 per cent.

Borrowers can defer repaying their student loans if they earn less than £1,482 gross per month.

Student Loans Company office hours are 09.00 to 5.30 for normal business. For those in arrears, the telephone lines are open 08.00 to 08.30 Mon to Thursday, 08.00 to 5.30 on Friday and 09.00 to 1.00 on Saturday.

If a borrower completes all the paperwork correctly, and on time, they have no need to phone the company during deferment processing.

Charges are only levied on accounts in arrears, i.e., charges are placed on those borrowers who have broken their credit agreement.

So far in this academic year we have processed 452,000 deferment applications and 180,000 repayment schedules and paid 640,000 loans to current students.

HAZEL CADENHEAD,

PR Manager, Student Loans Company Ltd.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

Roy Walker: *So, you're a teacher's assistant. What do they do?*
Contestant: *Assist the teacher.*
ITV
(Gary Sykes)

"You're on your own out there with ten mates."
MICHAEL OWEN, Radio 5 Live
(Paul Jones)

"...and I can confirm that that's the fastest time in the world this year for Radcliffe – and she had to do it herself."
DAVID COLEMAN, BBC
(K Connell)

"She [Hingis] is going through a part of her life which she has never been through before."
Commentator, BBC
(Joe Flaherty)

"Pakistan can play well, but they have the ability to play badly too."
JOHN EMBURY, BBC
(Shep Woolley)

SCRUFFING LOTION
Sweeps the daily layer of dead kin away.
Independent on Sunday

HOM SAP

AUSTIN

THIS SEEMS A BIT FAMILIAR.. .. WHAT ARE YOU CONFESSING TO ?
PLAGIARISM.
TRUE CONFESSIONS BY A SINNER
TRUE CONFESSIONS BY A SINNER

Letter from Istanbul
from Our Own Correspondent

"THE Ocalan trial is a source of pride for Turkey," said Turkish prime minister Bulent Ecevit at the start of June as the prosecution of Turkey's most wanted man, the Kurdish separatist leader Abdullah Ocalan, began on the prison island of Imrali, 50 miles south of Istanbul in the Marmara Sea.

"It is also a source of embarrassment for some countries which are trying to teach us lessons regarding human rights, democracy and becoming civilised," he added, some weeks before the court duly found Ocalan guilty of treason and, to much rejoicing in the court room, sentenced him to death.

While the country's new leader was shaming those without faith in the ability of a juryless state security court, which for most of the trial had a military officer as one of its three presiding judges, to deliver a completely fair verdict, on the very same day across town the robust nature of Turkish democracy was at least partly called into question as Akin Birdal, head of the country's leading human rights association, was being bundled off to jail for 12 months.

"While in the west artists and intellectuals form queues in front of opera, theatre and concert halls," Birdal said, "their destination in Turkey is prison." His punishment was for "inciting racial hatred" – a catch-all in Turkey usually used to jail those who speak out about the Kurdish problem.

Birdal had reportedly called for "peace and understanding" regarding the Kurdish issue in a speech on World Peace Day in 1996 – a clear invitation to violent racist activity if ever there was one. A few weeks earlier, leading writer and journalist Oral Calislar had also been sent down for exactly the same thing after he had interviewed Ocalan prior to his capture.

Yet journalists and writers here are now increasingly puzzled as to how to describe current events. Some days before the Ocalan trial, the interior ministry issued a list of some 37 words and phrases that had been banned by the state-run TRT TV and Anatolian wire service, the only agencies allowed live coverage of the trial.

Under the new regime, newspaper columns have swelled with excess wordage to accommodate the new replacement, politically correct expressions.

For example, a phrase such as "PKK leader Abdullah Ocalan" now inflates to "the bandit leader of the terrorist gang, Ocalan". Often "baby-killer" may be thrown in to describe the soon-to-be-late PKK commander, or even "the vampire", though these are usually signs merely of the enthusiasm with which Turkey's newspaper proprietors have greeted recent events.

Ocalan's "peace offer" to end the 15-year war between his rebels and the Turkish army, which has resulted in more than 30,000 deaths, should also now be described as an offer for a "temporary break in terrorist activity". This would not be of benefit to "the people of Southeast Anatolia" – where the fighting has mainly occurred and who are mainly "Kurdish" (sorry, under the new rules I mean "people whom the separatists would call Kurdish" – but to "citizens of the Turkish east".

A "Kurdish state" refers only to "northern Iraq", a village "forcibly evacuated" by the army – of which government reports themselves say there are around 3,500 – has been simply, and inexplicably, "abandoned".

"Separatist" itself is no longer safe either, but should be replaced by "terrorist". A meeting of the Kurdish parliament in exile – which is largely made up of PKK supporters – is simply a "PKK terrorist organisation controlled meeting".

In a shanty town on the outskirts of Istanbul, your correspondent recently visited several groups of people whom the separatists would call Kurdish who told how one day they, quite coincidentally, decided to convert their village into an abandoned one after a visit by Turkish soldiers, gendarmes and special forces.

These citizens of the Turkish east mostly did not want a northern Iraq, and hoped that the terrorist Ocalan's offer of a temporary break in terrorist activity would be taken up by the government. They wanted most of all, it seemed, to be allowed to unabandon their village and abandon instead the huddled group of lean-tos and plasterboard huts between two flyovers that they had been living in for the last four years.

Gok-Der, an NGO that helps these villagers, estimates there are around 3.5 million others like them, making them a larger forced migration problem than Kosovo. For them, Turkish democracy's strength is perhaps not quite as unquestionable as the prime minister might think.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

COMPILED BY **VICTOR LEWIS-SMITH**

"GYNO STORY! Ladies. Do you manage uncomfortable life? Dr Gyno will recover your active life. Dr Gyno revived my youth. Urinary incontinence is easy to heal.

"As you grow old, you will have more frequency to go to bathroom, can not bear urinating, will wet your underwear of urinate without notice, wet bedding too, and it is called as urinary incontinence. These symptoms are caused by bladder dropping and activities of the spleen.

"Thirty-nine year housewife, Seunghee Lee tried Dr Gyno, and has found a new life recently. No cotton reels were required, or unnecessary rubber. It is because urinary incontinence symptoms disappeared completely such as uneasiness as if she wore wet socks all day long, restlessness to avoid people. Last weekend, she did not have to worry about traffic congestion on her way back from Eastern sea. She now has what a happy life to live a clear and comfortable. No wet socks for her. She could not even expect such a life before. Soaked at coffee flavor late evening, Seunghee feels pleasure to revive youth again with a smile, and not a cotton reel or no rubber.

"Women only. The electrode in Dr Gyno 101 is manufactured using polypropylene, medical grade approved from US FDA and stainless steel recommended from US Iron and Stainless Steel Association. I will personally assure low frequency electrical stimulation of the pelvic floor and will undertake a vaginal probe. Available both for clinics and home... Treatment result is considered good but it is necessary to be hospitalized and be gassed." *(Publicity for Dr Gyno, Korea, June 1999. Spotter: John Massey)*

— ● —

"Life is more important than hair," said Sok Sokhoeun, a female student at the Royal Fine Arts University in Phnom Penh, "and I am afraid of dying. As soon as I heard about the Queen's dream, I decided to have my hair cut off, and many of my girlfriends have done the same."

Thousands of panic-stricken Cambodian women have been cutting their hair in recent weeks, ever since a rumour began sweeping through Phnom Penh and neighbouring provinces. The Cambodian-language newspaper Koh Santepheap explained that "Queen Monineath has dreamed that evil spirits appeared in the royal palace, demanding the souls of thousands of young, long-haired Cambodian women. In the dream, the queen negotiated with the spirits, and said that Cambodia had already lost so many people during its wars that it could not give any more. She suggested that her people could cut off their hair instead, and the spirits agreed. But they also said that they would steal the souls of any woman born in the year of the dog, tiger, or rabbit, who did not give offerings of hair."

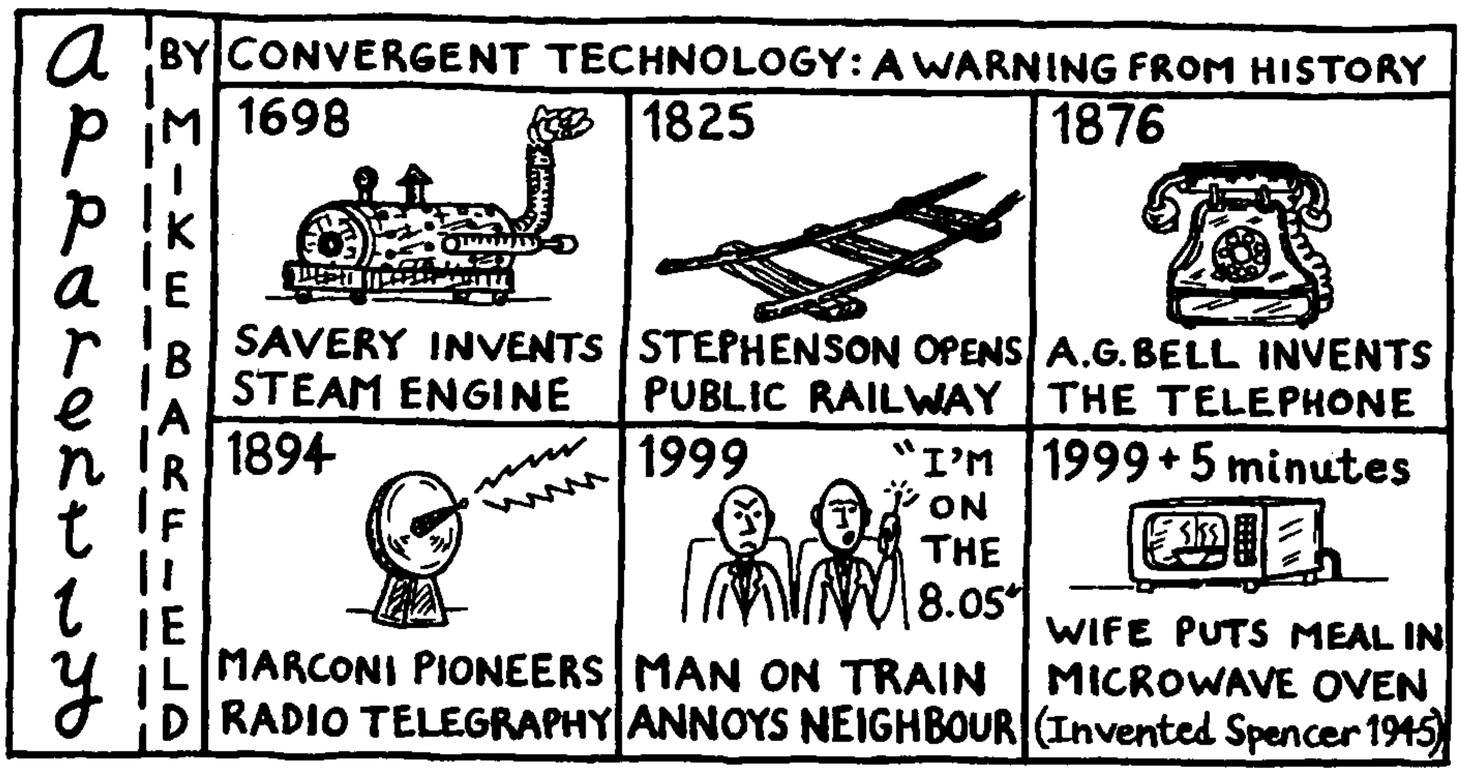
However, Cambodia's Secretary of State for Information, Khieu Kanharith, was unimpressed. "Her Majesty the Queen has dreamed nothing of the kind, and neither has His Majesty the King. It is the barber shops who are behind all this. They have been doing bad business, so they started this rumour, and now they are making easy money." *(Bangkok Post and AFP, 22/6/99. Spotter: Matthew Szabo)*

— ● —

"The miserable creature just went berserk," said a distraught Mrs Al Marzouqi as she surveyed the pile of bones and feathers in her chicken pen in Sharjah, "and I saw him commit the crime. We left the sheep and nine chickens together, as usual, but I was awakened in the night by a terrible commotion. I ran down and was just in time to see the last of the chickens disappearing down the sheep's throat. It was horrible."

Her son later tried to explain what might have turned his mild vegetarian animal into a raging

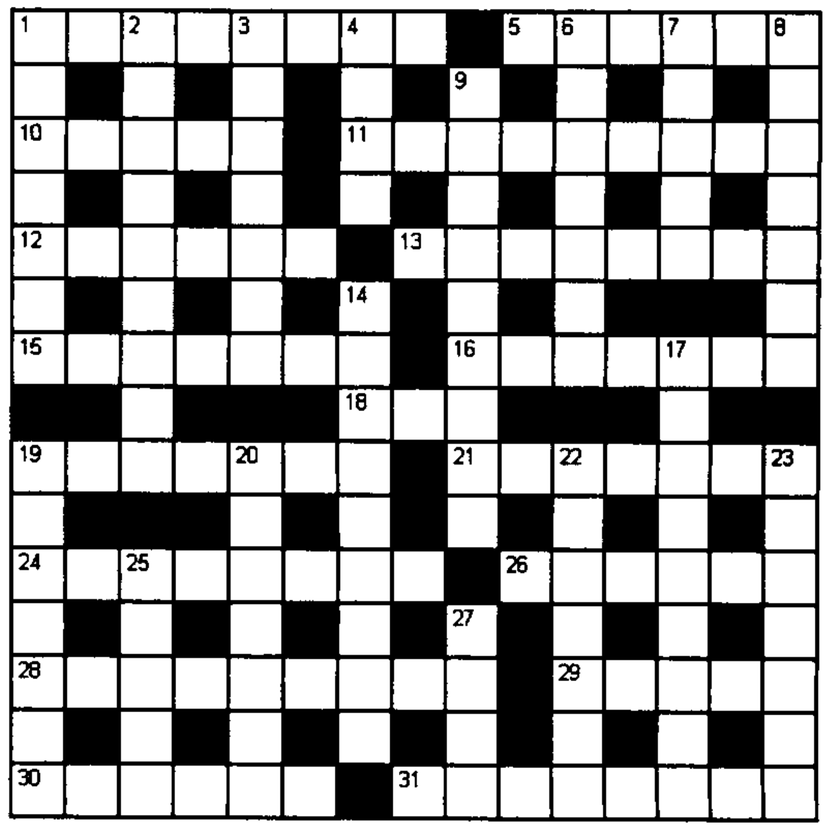
carnivore overnight. "I think it is depressed. I gave away its companion to a friend, and it became lonely. It looked as if it had lost its soulmate and fell into a deep sadness. It was always a meek and gentle creature, but now it has turned into a monster. My two daughters used to play with it. Now they are scared to go near it, for fear it will gobble them up too. The problem is, I bought the sheep last year with the intention of slaughtering it for a special family banquet, and spent all that time fattening it up. But as a Muslim, my religion bans me from eating carnivorous animals, which this normally vegetarian sheep has become. I shall have to consult a Muslim scholar from the Ministry of Justice and Islamic Affairs and Awqaf for guidance." (Gulf News, 3/6/99. Spotter: Jonathan Rees)



EYE CROSSWORD 135

by Cyclops

£100 prize



ACROSS

1 Private Eye source, Wally (8)
5 A fifty-fifty chance of Chuck getting erect (4-2)
10 Police, like, stupidly sit around (5)
11 Tarnished Labour's unpleasant duty (5,4)
12 Ridiculous concealing small nuts (6)
13 The projected latest Virgin direction on spin (8)
15/7 Increased t-thanks to Mick Jagger for this aid to understanding what the old Egyptian's on about (7,5)
16 Lad going to bed on time was not one to score quickly (7)
18 Tories' European alternative: leaders make a meal of it (3)
19 Decease from playing with stiff 'un! (5,2)
21 Clinton's opening a world offensive causing Russian-American hostility (4,3)
24 Party sentimentality flipping embarrassed earnest humanitarian (2-6)
26/30 Feel a row's optional before shagging –it's a newly-wed's entitlement (4,2,6)
28 Ultimate burden is to carry on with a minister (4,5)
29 Some panic in GM cake cover-up (5)
30 (see 26)
31 Ecstasy getting member to cane kinky style (8)

DOWN

1 Personal file showing one's into kipper? (7)
2 Conservative ballsed up EU's cause according to ex-president (9)
3 Helps contain shock of Sixties musical being on the Web (7)
4 Said to be affected by world-wide epidemic (4)
6 Yes, sod off at end of January for a long journey (7)
7 (see 15)
8 Staff hindrance of crumpet! (7)
9 Bill's wet behind the ears and posterior (9)
14 Rallying call makes Hastings possibly snivel (6-3)
17 Like a novel totalitarian society? Alternative is to shaft Paisley! (9)
19 By which perverse natural state bastards rule? (4,3)
20 Flies undone, rings inserted (broad) (7)
22 Being a drip, offers mulled ale to ruler (7)
23 Exile, stupid fugger, losing start of game on points (7)
25 Puffs talk about turning over police sergeant (5)
27 Not being on the job as one should makes one sound like a cow having erection (4)

£100 prize to first solution opened on 16.7.99. Entries to 'Crossword', Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 134

Winner: GEORGE HARRISON

ACROSS: 1 Friar Tuck 6 Blair 9 Evacuee 10 Intense 11/23 Glenda Slagg 12 The House 14 On cue 16 Beheaded 19 Bordello 20 Semen 22 Obeisant 24 (see 1 dn.) 27 Volcano 28 Unnamed 29 Swing 30 No kidding.

DOWN: 1/24 Feel-good factor 2 Image 3 Roundhead 4 Used 5 Knighthood 6 Bitch 7 Ad nauseum 8 Reefer 13 Abe Lincoln 15 Chou En-lai 17 Abstained 18 Infra dig 21 Wolves 23 (see 11) 25 Tempi 26 Punk.

GLENDA SLAGG

Fleet Street's Janet Street-Porter!

WHO do they think they are – David Beckham and his so-called wife Posh!?!?!?

Even the Royal Family aren't too grand to let the press have a peep at their moment of joy!?!?!

Not so the Earl of Muckham and Princess Toffee-Nose – as they would no doubt like to be known???

"Keep Out!" That was their message to the gentlefolk of the press as they plighted their troth in bonnie Ireland!!

Well, here is Auntie Glenda's message to you – Get Stuffed!!

HATS off to the happy couple Posh and Becky for keeping their sacred day to themselves!!!

Not for them the greedy, grimy dirty mac brigade a-snoopin' and a-snappin' as they made their vows before God Almighty in his holy house!?!?

If only the Royals had shown the same respect for a private moment!! (Geddit?!?!?!)

THREE cheers and more for the Grand Old Lady of Royalty (The Queen Mother I'm talking about – stoopid!!?)

Just think of some of the sights this little old lady has seen in her long lifetime.

The sinking of the Titanic. The Battle of Waterloo. The Millennium Dome – to name only three.

Let's raise our glasses to the Greatest Granny of them all. Here's to ye, Ma'am – and long may you reign over us!?!?

THE Queen Mother – aren'tcha-sickofher!?!?! (No disrespect, Grandma!)

Every year the story is the same – the little old lady who's seen it all, from the sinking of the Titanic to the Battle of Waterloo!?!

For pity's sake, Ma'am, do us all a favour and put a right royal sock in it!!!

HERE THEY are, Glenda's scrumptious summer puddings:

● **SEAN CONNERY**. He may be bald, boring and bearded, but he's still got it where it counts – under his kilt!!! (Geddit?!?!)

● **DAMON HILL**. Okay, so he's given up racing, but he's certainly driving this gal round the bend and into the pits!!!

● **SIR SIMON RATTLE**. Forget Berlin – and come and *mis*-conduct yourself round my place. (Geddit!!?!?!)

Byeeee!!!!

"You've eleven items on there – take one back... NOW!"

Now on video

Reservoir DGs 18

The return of the infamous Mr Bland, Mr Rat and Mr Suit – the most ruthless gang of hoodlums who will stop at nothing in their audacious heist.

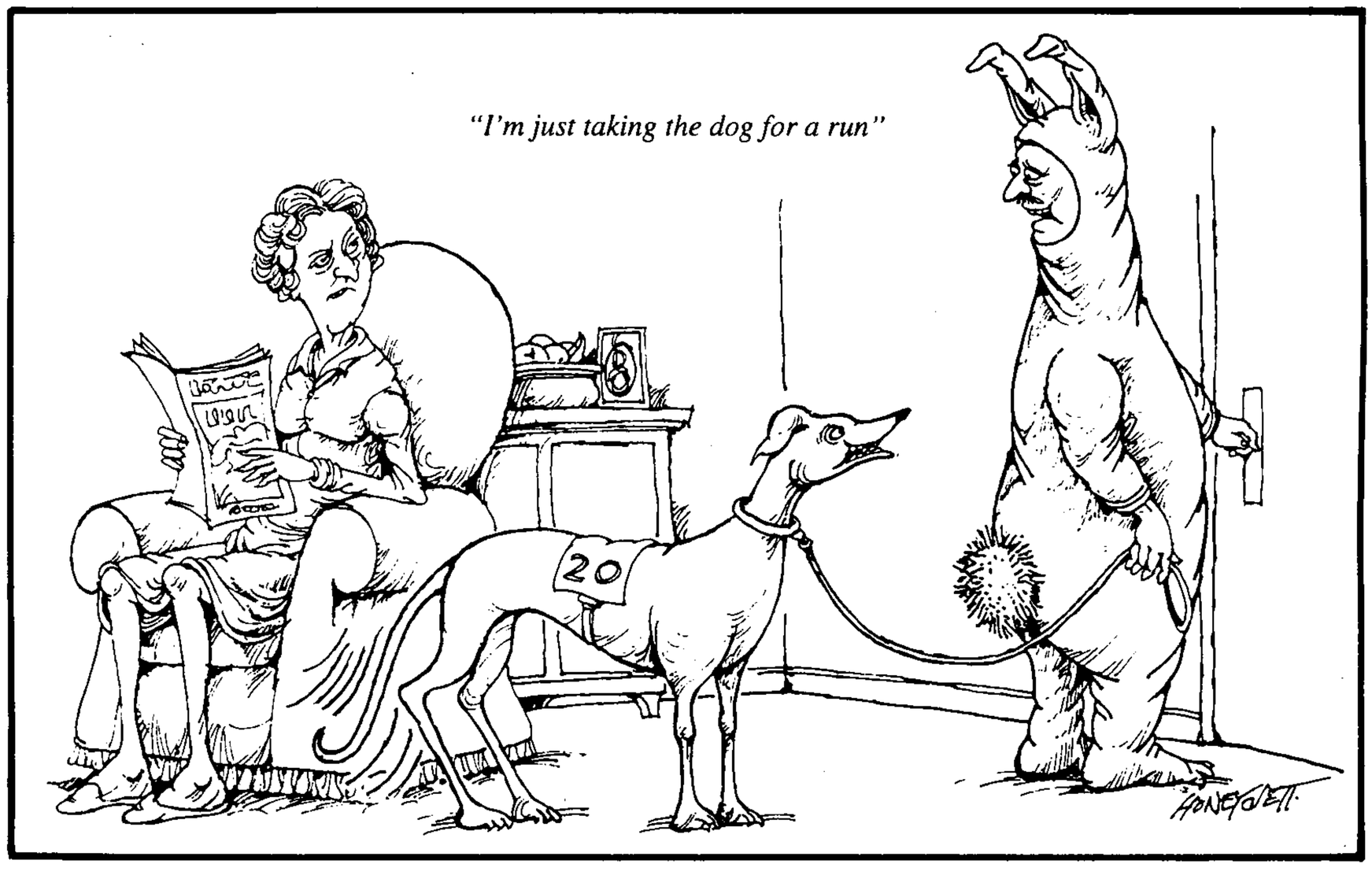
Will they get away with it when they rob everyone in the country of £101? *(Yes. Ed.)*

WARNING: This film is unsuitable for everyone.

CROOK LET OUT OF PRISON

by Our Man in Singapore
Nick Millions

A CROOK was let out of prison here today, after serving four years of his sentence. *(Reuters)*



ST ALBION PARISH NEWS

Incumbent: Rev. A.R.P. Blair MA (Oxon)

Hullo!

And very much *not* goodbye, whatever some of the older parishioners may have been muttering during my unavoidable absence in Ireland!

Let me begin by thanking all of you for all the wonderful letters you have sent me asking to reappoint Mr Mandelson as our churchwarden.

When I wrote asking you to write these letters, I had no idea that there would be such a response!

There was literally a sackful waiting for me on the vicarage doorstep when I returned home from my mission to bring peace to Ireland!

"It's the sack for you then vicar!" said the postman unhelpfully. I had to explain to him that, like our friend in Tesco, he had got the wrong end of the stick!

The letters all stressed that, although everything in the parish was going extremely well, things might go even better if Peter could come back to lend a helping hand!

And, let's face it, although Peter made clear time and again that he had done nothing wrong, he has now surely more than made amends for whatever it was that he didn't do wrong!

As it says in the Book of Common Blair, "Ye that do earnestly repent of your sins, shall get your jobs back 'ere long" (1999 version).

In fact, Peter has already been doing good work around the Parish, spreading the Gospel (literally, "good news!") about our links with European churches and the necessity of taking the collection in euros.

Peter has done all this off his own bat, with no thought of reward or position, which is why, frankly, it is high time he was given his job back!

He has even been evangelising among the older members of our congregation – the so-called "core parishioners" – who have stopped coming to church ever since he told them they weren't wanted in 1997!

But, goodness me, how we need them to do all those humdrum jobs like knocking on doors, organising the raffles and voting for me in the parish elections!

So, welcome back, Peter – not that you *are* back yet! And well done everybody for getting the message

about welcoming the "lost sheep" back into the fold!

As it says in the Bible, "Peter is the rock on which our Church is founded." (Interestingly, the Latin for "rock" is "Mandelson"!)

Yours,

Tony

St. Gerry

Consecration of our new stained-glass window (by local artist Sir Kenneth Pyne RA) has been postponed until further notice. We hope it will go off with a bang – probably next May (T.B.)

Valete...

...To **Mr Benn**, who has decided, after 50 years' service to the Parish, to go into the mental asylum, where they have been expecting him for some time. We are all grateful for the huge amount he has achieved in his long and distinguished career, although frankly it is quite difficult to remember any of it! His daughter Hilary, who has taken over his duties, has sent us a contribution that her father made to the *Parish Newsletter* as long ago as 1959, which I am sure you will enjoy!

"How To Make A Good Strong Cup Of Working-Class Tea" by Lord Stansgate (Mr Benn)

1. Take 6 tea-bags and place in an enamel mug (NOT a cup!).
2. Pour on scalding water and leave to infuse for half-an-hour.
3. Prod with pipe stem to ensure maximum flavour.
4. Top up with milk and 16 teaspoons of sugar, to taste.

Perhaps this is the best way to remember him! *T.B.*

...To **Dr Mowlam**. As you know, Mo (as we affectionately know her) has done sterling work in our Northern Ireland mission. No one knows the situation better than Mo, which is why at this critical moment I have decided to replace her.

Parish Postbag...

Dear Sir,

May I use the columns of the Parish Newsletter to remind parishioners that they are not permitted to drive vehicles on the special "Bus Lane" which has been designated between the Working Men's Club and the church entrance. There has recently been one case where an impatient motorist, who clearly thought he was more important than everyone else, drove out of the traffic jam caused by the bus lane and insisted on driving in his dirty great big "People's Carrier" (reg. no. BLA 1R) right down the section of the carriageway reserved for buses, and made some fatuous excuse about

Yours faithfully,
J. Prescott, Chair of the Parish, Integrated Transport Policy Sub-Committee.

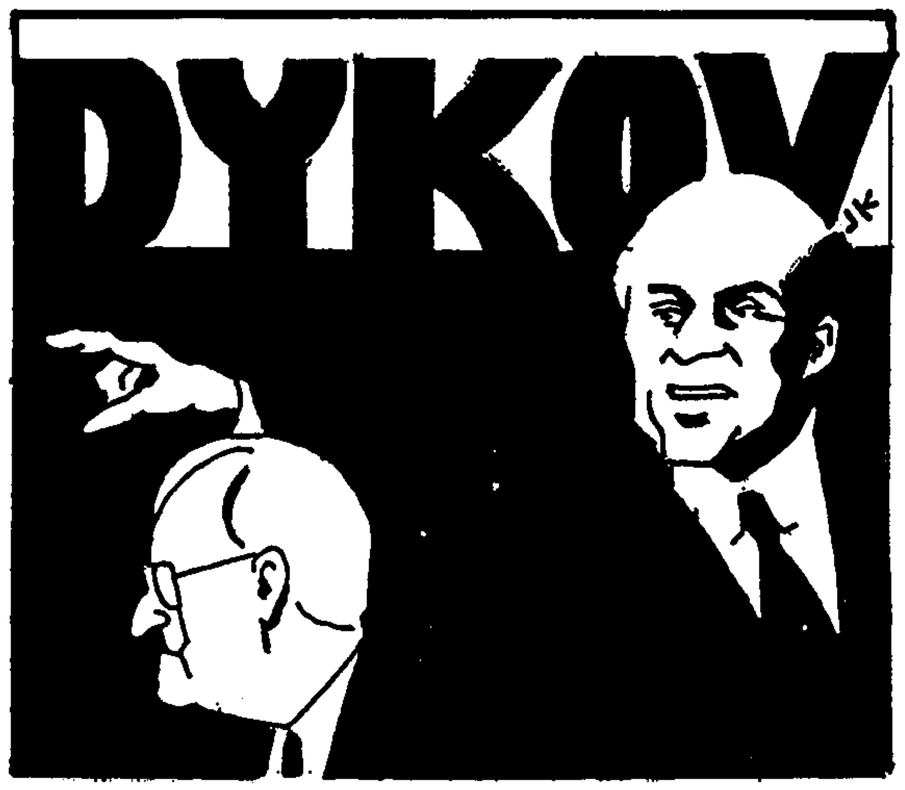
The Editor reserves the right to cut all letters from Mr Prescott on the grounds of space or unintelligibility.

PRAVDARIEL

FRIDAY
JULY 9
1999

NEW LEADER DENOUNCES 'ERRORS OF BIRTISM'

Former Great Helsman Chose 'Wrong Path'



IN A five-hour speech delivered before thousands of cheering BBC workers in the Great Hall of Broadcasting House, the newly elected Director-General of the BBC, Mr Gregori Dykov, made a savage attack on his predecessor, the now-discredited Comrade Birtsky.

The former DG was described as a "faceless authoritarian, obsessed with bureaucracy" who had taken the organisation "down the wrong road" with "his five-year plans and his love of jargon and committees".

"For too many years," Dykov went on, "the whole organisation was drowning in a sea of memorandums and meaningless paper-work."

Capitalist Running D-G

"Morale among the workers has been reduced to zero. From all over the country we have had delegations from discontented corporation activists, imploring us to end the catastrophe of Birtism."

After half-an-hour of prolonged applause, Mr Dykov concluded, "Birtsky is exposed as a collaborator with the international digitalist conspiracy which is seeking the overthrow of all public service broadcasting as we know it.

"Furthermore, he and his wife Birtskova, have for years been feathering their own nests with inflated salaries, four-wheel drive vehicles and Armani suits, at the expense of the downtrodden masses."

Birts Of A Feather

"His grandoise building schemes in White City have become the laughing stock of the civilised world.

"Today they stand as mute testaments to his overweaning ambition and megalomania."

To renewed cheering, Comrade Dykov pledged "a return to the old values which made the BBC the envy of all mankind, with programmes such as Dad's Army, Housewives' Choice and Dick Barton, Special Agent."

Only Fools And Husseys

As Comrade Dykov concluded his oration, there was a rush to the podium by former senior Birtists, vying with one another to heap scorn on the policies of their one-time Dalek-General.

Said Comrade Yentob-ovitch, "I never believed in Birtism. Many a time I pleaded with him for a return to quality programming, but he would not listen.

"He just smiled and ordered even more repeats of Noel's House Party and The National Lottery Show."

Also outspoken in his condemnation of the former regime was another senior apparatchik who owed his career to Birtsky, Comrade Bannisterov, the hated Head of Radio.

"We constantly plotted his downfall, but he was too clever for us, always offering us more money and better jobs."

Then Comrade Boylov spoke up *(cont'd. p. 94)*

"Hi – I'm on the chain"

EXCLUSIVE TO THE SPECTACULARLY SNOBBISH MAGAZINE

The Ballad of Children's Reading Gaol

For the first time Jonathan Toad, former owner of Toad Hall, writes movingly about his experience in prison.

I've been punished for my crime,
Now it's your turn hence this rhyme,
I'll truly repent, I'll be a good Toad,
Just publish this self-serving ode.

I miss my money, my friends, my mater,
So please print this rubbish in the Spectator,
Go on, Frank, I know how low you'll stoop,
I bet you'll put in this pile of "poop poop".

© J. Toad 1999

ON OTHER PAGES ☐ **The wonderful dinners I enjoyed at Toad Hall with Mrs Thatcher and General Pinochet by Bruce Rat** *7* ☐ **Why Old Etonian amphibians should not go to jail by Mole Johnson** *8* ☐ **Toad is as innocent as I was by Taki the Otter** *94*

What You Won't Read In The Murdoch Press

THE Sun

Friday, July 9, 1999

● WHY THE PRESS SHOULD LEAVE SOPHIE AND EDWARD ALONE p94

DIRTY DIGGER MARRIES GOLD-DIGGER

EXCLUSIVE HONEYMOON PIX

The royal couple

by Our Invasion Of Privacy Staff **TERRY PHOTO-LENS**

COR!! What a lovely pair! And Rupert and Wendy look nice too! Blimey! Wicked Wendy (32,24,32) can't wait to get her hands on his assets! And Randy Rupert ($52 Billion) can't wait to get down to business with her! Fancy a Peking Duck, Wendy? Or is Rupert going to show you his hundred-year-old eggs?

VULGAR RUBBISH

Forget the pictures of Sophie's Tit, look at Wendy's *(He's the old bloke on the right!?)* OK, so we faked the photo! Sorry, Rupe, it was all in good clean fun. Hope you don't take offence, cobber, or we'll buy up your ex-wife's story!? Get the picture?! We didn't, but we put one in anyway!?

THE SUN SAYS

HAS she got a currant bun in the oven?

We have a right to know.

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam
Lord Whitelaw,
Statesman

So. Farewell then
Willie Whitelaw.

You were the
Last of the
Tory grandees.

"Every prime minister
Needs a Willie".

That was
Mrs Thatcher's
Joke.

But it did not
Work because
She did not
Have one.

E.J. Thribb (17fi)

Fashion 1999

YAMAHA FLUTE
6 months old, not much use
£295
Oxford Star

PAUL HISLOP – Have I Got News For You, BBC2, 9pm
Evening Chronicle

Among his fellow trialists then was the young Gary Lineker, gawky and angular with a sheepdog haircut and a wide grin. It took McGowan two days to convince Wallace of his worth. It was more than two weeks before Lineker passed mustard.
Sunday Herald

Those looking for a more relaxing holiday can spend their days soaking up the sin on the resorts popular sandy beach,
Golden Sun brochure

My Friend Roland Is Best Man For Job

by Lord Melvyn of Barg

JUST BECAUSE Roland wears a shapeless baseball cap and used to sport a fine pair of whiskers until he shaved them off to make himself more acceptable, the snobs and sneerers of the chattering classes have got it into their tiny heads that Roland is not fit to run the world's premier broadcasting organisation.

What nonsense!

Roland, or "Roly", as I used to know him when we first worked together at Rodent Weekend Television, is an extraordinary mix of Elizabethan buccaneer, hard-nosed corporate strategist, Renaissance man and small, furry glove-puppet manipulated by Sir Christopher Bland.

Fingers In The Dyke

The critics are saying that

Roly has few qualifications for the BBC top job.

He may not have been to Oxford or Cambridge like some of us (me).

Roland Rat Joins Sinking Ship

But do not be fooled. Behind his sharp-nosed rat-like façade lurks one of the shrewdest broadcasting minds of this or any other century, who learned his trade the hard way, in the sewers and gutters of Thames Television.

When it comes to garbage, Roly doesn't just sniff at it. He puts it on television and makes a fortune!

Roly is a genius. And I am not saying that as a friend, but as someone who is hoping to continue working for the BBC for many years to come.

That Murdoch/Deng Wedding Breakfast In Full

No. 13 *Porn Crackers*
No. 25 *Steamy Nudells*
No. 34 *Dim Sun Owner*
No. 42 *Egg Fu Wotascorcha*
No. 69 *Fortune Hunting Cookie*

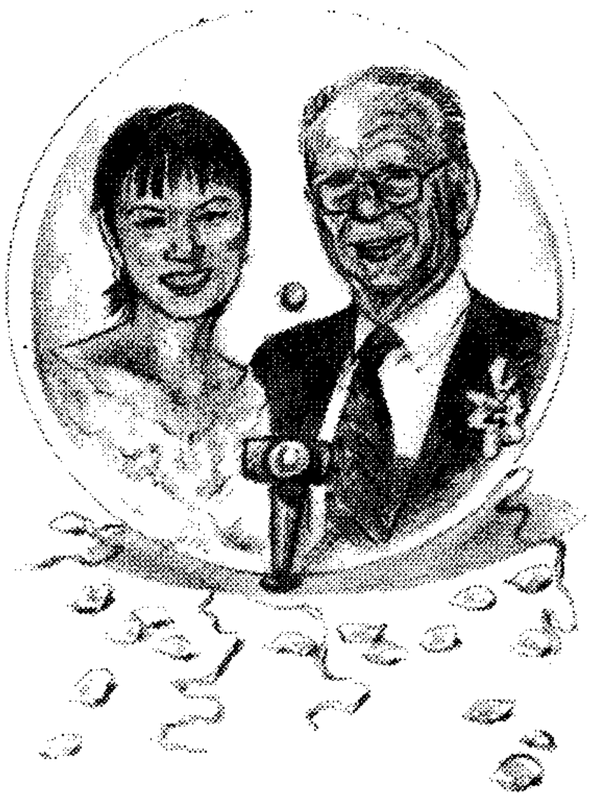
To Follow

No. 94 *Viagra Fritters*

ADVERTISEMENT

ROYAL WEDDING SOUVENIR

To celebrate the union of the Earl of Sex and his new bride, the Countess of Deng, now you too can acquire this exquisite hand-crafted Satellite Dish lovingly fashioned by nine-year-old children in the legendary sweatshops of Guandong.



IN YEARS to come your Heritage Dish will not only become a priceless heirloom for your children to cherish, but it can also be used to beam in the world's finest Chinese satellite TV programmes, including *Great Wall Journeys, Tibetan Neighbours From Hell, Dr Who Chi Minh* and *Chinese Dentists Go Bonking* (adults only).

For only £99.99 (plus monthly payments of £12.99) this priceless dish will be delivered to your home within 28 days.

WARNING: dishes may come without a picture of the happy couple but may carry instead the BSkyB logo.

It's The Wedding Of The Century-Old-Man

TV Highlights

Question Time (BBC1)

THIS week's Question Time comes from Norwich, where the panel of Ainsley Harriot, Melinda Messenger, Bernard Manning and La-La, discuss topical issues of the day, which this week includes the power struggle in the Balkans, the continuing peace talks in Northern Ireland and the plight of the single mother in Blair's Britain. Comic relief comes from Leader Of The Opposition, William Hague.

ROY of the ROVEROS
ROY IS GUTTED WHEN MELCHESTER ROVEROS UNITED GO OUT OF THE CUP
BUT WE'RE UNBEATABLE, BOSS. WHO KNOCKED US OUT?
THE F.A.
BRAZIL NUTS
BUT THERE'S NOTHING IN IT FOR US. SO WHO GAINS?
THE F.A.
BRAZIL NUTS
SO WHAT WILL OUR FANS SEE?
9
F.A.!
COOPER

BLAIR VEHICLE CRITICISED

People's Carrier 'Unsafe'

THE vehicle which has carried Tony Blair around Britain and the world for the last two years has been criticised by experts who say that it could well veer off course at any time – especially if the owner keeps insisting on steering it away from the middle, towards the right-hand side of the road.

One critic told us: "This once sleek vehicle looked nice, new and shiny back in 1997 – since then it's picked up some dirt on both wings – not to mention the fact that it recently spluttered and backfired on the Prime Minister after he took it out for a gentle spin around the country the other week. If you ask me, he should trade it in for the older, more reliable model."

(Reuters)

The Eye's Exciting New Columnist!!

POLLY FILLER

SO, there we all were, me and my hen pals (as I call my girlfriends), enjoying our annual testosterone-free dinner.

We'd left our "other halves" behind in order to have a decent evening uninterrupted by the banal self-centred ramblings of our respective partners.

Anna's "Bloke" was looking after Baby Number Two (or trying to, at any rate); Jessica was minus "Him Indoors"; Adrienne had dumped "The Trousers" in front of a Kung Fu film; and the last time I saw "the useless Simon" he was trying to beat the toddler Charlie at Star Wars Racer on his Nintendo 64!

IT'S amazing, you know, how the quality of conversation improves without the boring male agenda of work, sport and drink.

Instead, we were all able to have some serious discussions about our careers and Tim Henman's legs over a bottle (or ten!) of South African Chardonnay. From what I can remember, it was brilliant!

The only thing that spoilt the evening was when I opened the next day's papers to find that my so-called friends had all written about the evening in their columns.

Thanks Anna, Jessica and Adrienne! Is nothing private any more, nothing too personal for you to turn into material for your pieces? Shame on you!

© P. Filler 1999

END OF WORLD FAILS TO ARRIVE SHOCK

Old French Bore Proved Wrong

MILLIONS of people all over the world were deeply disappointed last night when the long-promised end of the world failed to materialise.

Hundreds of thousands stayed up specially to see the apocalypse on Sky TV, but were furious when all they saw was a repeat of a 1963 episode of Z-Cars starring Brian Blessed and Stratford Johns.

Experts had rested their hopes for an Armageddon-style conflagration on some verses published in 1559 by the French soothsayer Nostradamus.

The key passage in which the end of the world was predicted in exact detail came in the 21st stanza of the 14th canto of his immortal work:

"Then shall there be strange portents in the seventh month
When thousands shall form lines in a street in France
Waiting for the Man of Straw to give them paper.[1]

And, lo, a saintly woman shall ride forth
With soup, to give them succour in their dire plight.[2]
While on Thames-side a strange harridan
With raucous voice and jutting teeth
Will become the Queen of the Indies.[3]

Then shall it be clear that ye Ende is nigh for all life as we knowe it.
Make ye no mistake.[4]

1. Nostradamus here clearly foresaw the difficulties faced by the British Passport Agency in Petty France in getting their computers to work.

2. Clearly a reference to the intervention of the Shadow Home Secretary Anne Widdecombe.

3. Clearly Nostradamus was here referring to the sensational appointment of Janet Street-Porter as editor of the Sunday Independent.

4. Clearly a reference to the end of the world which was at the last minute cancelled due to lack of interest.

THOUSANDS QUEUE IN PASSPORT MISERY

by Our Home Affairs Correspondent **Richard Petit-France**

THE HOME Secretary, Mr Jack Straw, last night stepped in personally in an effort to defuse the passport chaos that is engulfing Britain.

As thousands of passport seekers queued round the clock, Mr Straw explained that the log jam had been caused by "millions of applications from a single individual", believed to be a Mr Fayed from Knightsbridge, west London.

"We have had to employ thousands of extra staff to write 'no' on these forms – but still he keeps sending them in." *(Reuters)*

3.20 CITV Starting with **Maisy** *Rabbit*: Maisy encounters a rabbit in her garden who enjoys eating her flowers, so she takes him home for lunch. *For under-fives*

TV Quick

That Kennedy Victory Concert In Belgrade

Programme In Full

Pristina: Overture "Kosovo Fan Tutti"
Milosevic: Great Lieder "Ich Bin Ein Belgrader"
(arr. for solo violin by Kennedy)
Arkan: No. 100, "The Paramilitary"
(still in Haydn)
Strauss: "The Blew-Up Danube"
(waltz arr. Kennedy)
Spiritual: "Fly Low Sweet Harrier"
(Bass: Monty Negro)
Albanioni: Mass Graves in C Minor

Played by the remains of the Belgrade State Symphony Orchestra (leader S. Milosevic) conducted from behind the scenes by Mrs S. Milosevic.

Wimbledon Highlights – What You Missed

Semi-Final

Kissinger H. (US) v. Paxman J. (GB)

IN what was perhaps the most exciting match the BBC has ever covered, two of the all-time Titans of the game clashed in a fight to the death which had the BBC Centre Court crowd gasping in horror.

The highly-fancied British boy Tim Paxman opened with a dazzling serve: "You're just a fat mass-murderer, aren't you?"

The American was clearly caught on the wrong foot: "Er, isn't that a bit rude?" he volleyed back.

Paxman went in for the kill: "Shouldn't you be put on trial for war crimes?" he thundered.

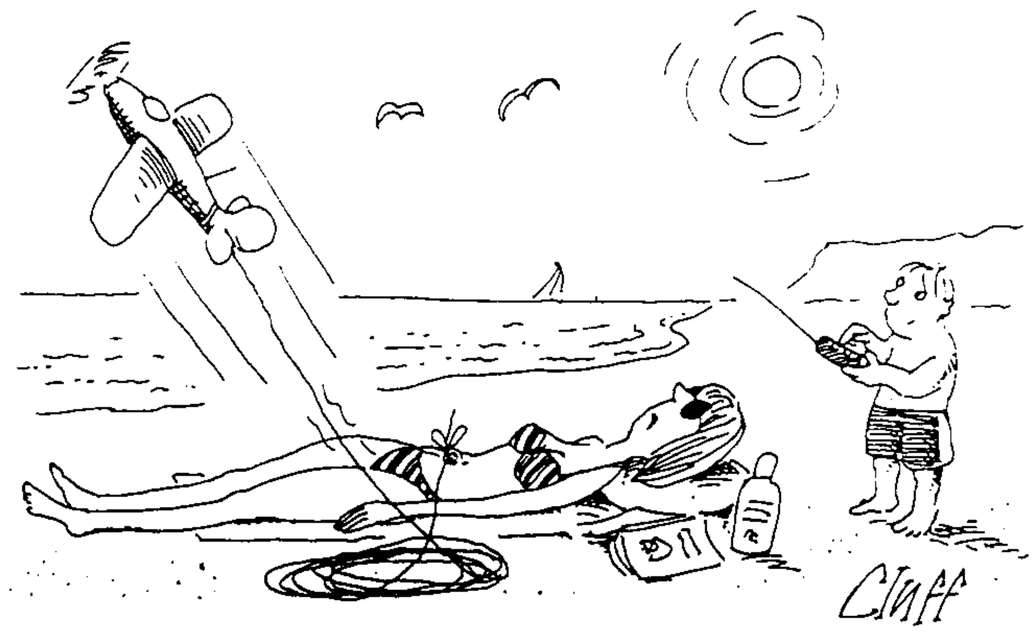
The German-born US veteran could only flail wildly: "Do you realise who I am?" he countered.

But Paxman then went in for a final cheap shot, with the crowd roaring "Paxman! Paxman!": "You're worse than Hitler, aren't you, four-eyes?"

Kissinger was lost for a reply and stormed off the court, saying that he would order B-52s round to bomb Paxman's luxury £2 million Rumpole-style Oxfordshire hideaway.

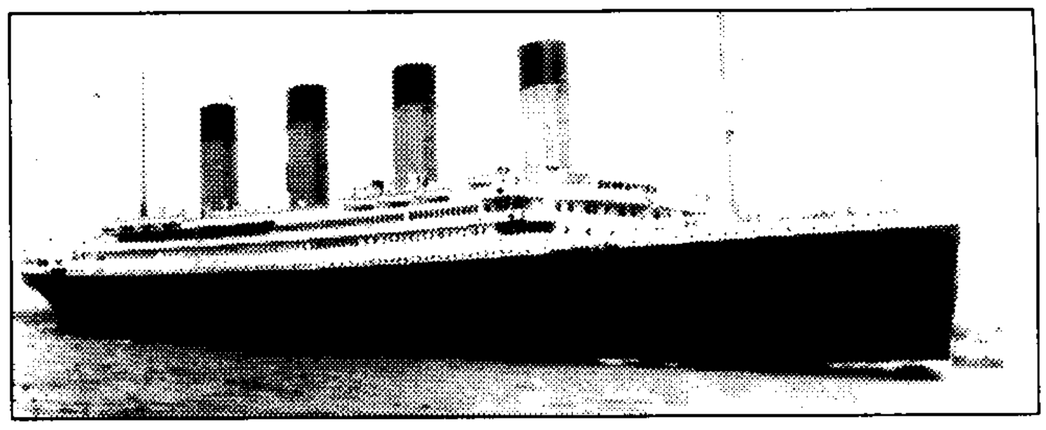
At this point, the match was therefore abandoned. In a post-match interview Kissinger blamed his coach: "I was assured that it was a friendly game, and that Paxman would just lob easy ones at me like 'What is the title and price of your brilliant new book?' "

Dr Strangelove is 89.



Hazards Of Body Piercing – Number 96

NEW CAPTAIN FOR TITANIC



by Our Sinking Staff **Stephen Glugger**

IT was a night to remember last night when the owners of the Sunday Titanic made a controversial appointment, hiring a new captain to command their famous flagship in mid-voyage.

She is Janet Street-Porter, a former celebrity, who replaces Captain Kim Fletcher as from today.

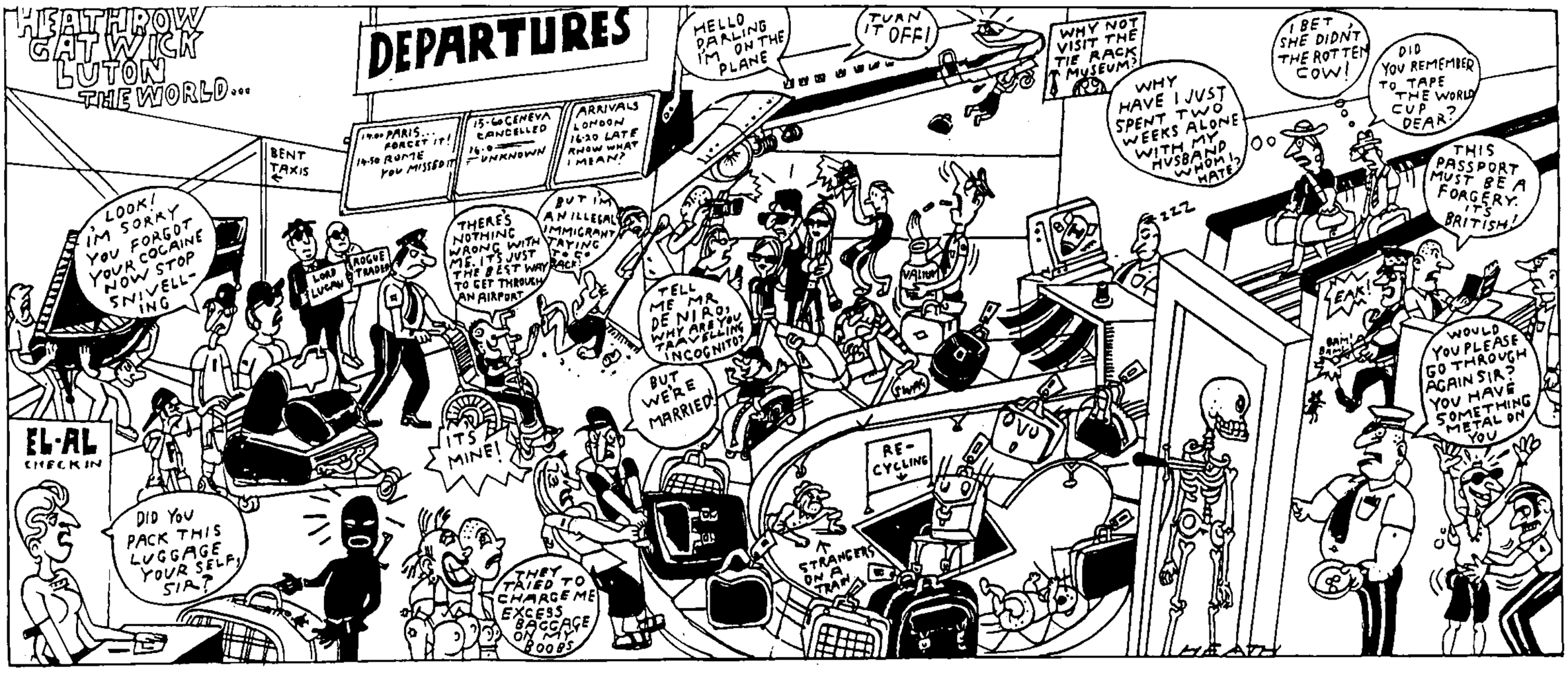
Said the vessel's proprietor, Mr Simon Kellner, "Ms Street-Porter will make a fantastic captain. She has no experience of ocean-going liners, nor any record of achievement in navigation or seamanship. I have, however, seen her on the television and I once met her in the Groucho Club. So she seems the obvious candidate for the job."

HELLO FAILURE

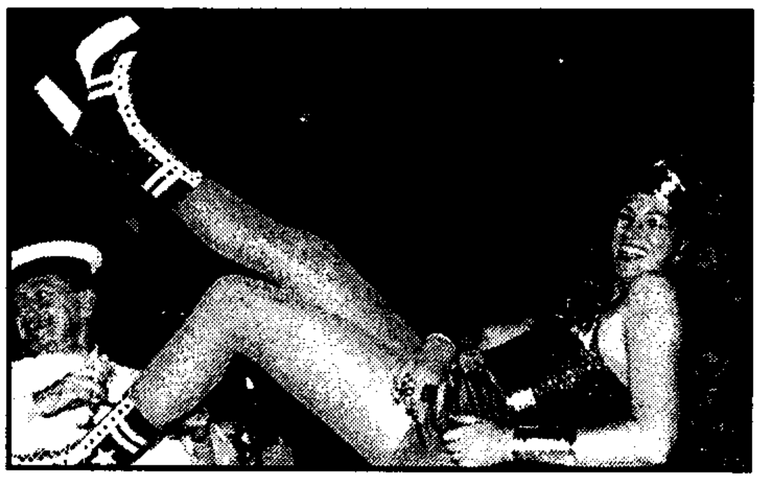
(Surely "sailor"? Ed.)

Ms Street-Porter outlined her plans for the Sunday Titanic's "maiden" voyage in a meeting with the entire 15-strong crew. "It's time this ship appealed to different passengers. So, from now on it'll be women and children first," she told them. "My idea is for the Titanic to get cool, right? And you don't get much cooler than an iceberg, ok? Chill out!"

HEATH'S PRIVATE VIEW


HEATHROW
GATWICK
LUTON
THE WORLD...
DEPARTURES
BENT TAXIS
EL-AL
CHECK IN
LOOK! I'M SORRY YOU FORGOT YOUR COCAINE NOW STOP SNIVELLING
DID YOU PACK THIS LUGGAGE YOURSELF, SIR?
ROGUE TRADER
LORD LUCAN
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME. IT'S JUST THE BEST WAY TO GET THROUGH AN AIRPORT
ITS MINE!
BUT I'M AN ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT TRYING TO GO BACK!
TELL ME MR DE NIRO, WHY ARE YOU TRAVELLING INCOGNITO?
BUT WE'RE MARRIED
THEY TRIED TO CHARGE ME EXCESS BAGGAGE ON MY BOOBS
HELLO DARLING I'M ON THE PLANE
TURN IT OFF!
RE-CYCLING
STRANGERS ON A TRAIN
WHY NOT VISIT THE TIE RACK MUSEUM?
WHY HAVE I JUST SPENT TWO WEEKS ALONE WITH MY HUSBAND WHOM I HATE?
I BET SHE DIDN'T THE ROTTEN COW!
DID YOU REMEMBER TO TAPE THE WORLD CUP DEAR?
ZZZ
THIS PASSPORT MUST BE A FORGERY. IT'S BRITISH!
EAK!
BAM!
WOULD YOU PLEASE GO THROUGH AGAIN SIR? YOU HAVE SOMETHING METAL ON YOU

DIARY



JANET STREET-PORTER

Guys, guys, guys! Cool it, will ya? Crikey, I've only been editor of The Indipendent on Sundy for a few days, and the whole bloody world's been talking about me!

Listen, I can take a joke. You betcha. I'm well chuffed when my friends The Pet Shop Boys drop round for a bite to eat, maybe with Will Self, in my futuristic architect-designed penthouse. Elton's been too, since you mention it. Lovely guy. Incidentally, I'd go well potty to have the Darli Larma round – to me he's the hippest guy in town as well as being profoundly fuckin spiritual. And I just know he'd love to meet The Pet Shop Boys, who are in fact personal friends of mine.

But nuff's enuff, guys! Give us a break! In the last few days, I've been literally swamped with a flood of snobbish and sexist abuse from the more puerile end of Fleet Street. Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words are things I'm well used to. They're different from sticks – they don't float on water, you can't make a fire with them. And they're different from stones because, well, basically you can't put them in a pile on a corner table and make, like, some kind of really interesting Richard Long type shapes out of them, can you?

I keep reading that I haven't got no experience in writing for a serious newspaper. Well frankly wot crap wot total fuckin crap. Talk about crap! That must be the crappiest crap I've ever heard in all my short life! Xperience? Where do I start? Age 21, I was writing mould-breaking articles for The Daily Mail ("I Salute Joe Loss – The Voice of Youth"). By the age of 25 I had a fashion article printed in the Evening Standard ("Winklepickers Are Gear"). Since then, I've written travel pieces for The Observer ("India – Land of Mega Awesomeness") and serious political pieces for The Times ("What The Pet Shop Boys Tell Us About Thatcher's Britain").

You might know me better as the charismatic producer of literally hundreds of highly memorable television shows over 20 years. I forget them now, but literally thousands of them dealt with highly important issues in an excessible like really innovative way. On DEF 11, I produced the first ever on-screen interview with the totally boogieville novelist Saul Bellow, lasting a full 1 minute 32 seconds and filmed in the underground carpark in Tottenham Court Road, using a rap backing track and a state-of-the-art wobbley hand-held camera for added effect whilst underneath we had all these info-bars, right, telling viewers not only some fascinating facts such as Charles Manson was only 28 years old when he mega-murdererd 16 totally separate people but also that upcoming soon we got the very latest videos from Spandau Ballet and Duran Duran. Result? Hi-brow meets lo-brow – and blimey don't they snog just perfect!

But – I can hear the self-appointed media greysuits saying – these are *only* TV shows. Not the sacred art of journalism. Only TV shows my arse! Talk about thick! Talk about square! How do they think these programmes get dreamt up and bloody made, then, frankly? What are they but expressions of modern artistry and style, or investigations and explorations of (or discussions and confrontations with) the modern world (or dissections and post-modern interlocutions within) the perameters of (and boundaries within) the exigences of counter-cultural (or polymathic) texts in a post-ironic (yet nevertheless insightful and joyously subversive) society, all of them conceived with imagination and carried out with, I hope (or hop), flair (or flare). Believe me, guys, it takes ten times as much imagination and sheer innovativeness to come up with the idea of the News Bunny doing his "weepy-weepy" rubby-eye gestures while the announcer is giving us the news of the tragic death of hundreds in an earthquake somewhere foreign than for any number of more so-called "serious" reactions. And let me tell you. This has sod all to do with "dumming down" or with any of the silly reductive (and reproductive) terminologies I've been well saddled with, thanx for fuck all.

The reaction of the media village to my appointment has been, to paraphrase Oscar Wilde, a fuckin disgrace. Even though the most famous woman in Britain after Posh Spice, arguably, and The Queen – and, incidentally, a personal friend of The Pet Shop Boys – it seems that there's no room for a Janet Of All Trades.

Well now there bloody is. From this week, I'll be putting my brandmark on the Indipendent on Sundy. All trades, so to speak, will find themselves welcome to join in what promises to be a totally brilliant all-nite mega-groovebag of a newspaper. I don't believe in compartmentalism. Nah – you can bloody keep your compartments – I prefer one great big bag with all the bits and pieces – mobile phones, the latest Bret Easton Ellis, the mega-hot Pet Shop Boys CD, purple leggings, the lot – just thrown in any-old-fuckin-how. A multicultural society needs a polymorphous journal – a journal that's not only poly but also morphous – and that is what we shall be: all-encompassing, tolerant in our sympathies, generous in our coverage, deep in our understanding. And anyone who doesn't agree can just go take a running fuckin jump, let that be a warning or you're fuckin out, right? Understood?

But it's not just my paper – it's everyone's. And it's going to be like totally revolutionry. From now on, The Indeporter on Sundy is gonna have pop reviews – but it's also going to have classical reviews! It's gonna have politics and all the latest mega-tragedies from war-torn Kosser Kosi Cossa Ckozo from all the war torn areas – but it's also gonna have pages and pages of far-out lifestyle features. Talk about awesome! It's gonna have photographs – but it's also going to have words! It's gonna have long heavy articles you don't wanna read – but it's also gonna have really fast, mega pieces on the latest Pet Shop Boys CD.

Yo, yo, yo – it's gonna be a really happenin' dance-energy slammin' new newspaper, with news from the Stormont catwalks and the Paris peace talks. I live in a world far away from Fleet Street, a world where petty rivalries and point-scoring and celebrity-hunting are of less consequence than truth, insite, mega-stylish writing and human sympathy, all expressed as well as we try to be able of – or better. I want to make the newspaper like a good friend invited over for Sunday lunch with The Pet Shop Boys – and Elton says he might drop by too, if he's in town. Above all, I want us to be where it's at – and not where it's not at.

Sorted!

Celeb

LIGGER

IT'S A CRYING SHAME THEY'VE GOT RID OF NEWS AT TEN. IT WAS AN INSTITUTION IN OUR HOUSE, THAT PROGRAMME.
BIG BEN'S CHIMES WERE LIKE A CLARION CALL FOR US ALL TO GATHER ROUND THE TELLY AND RELAX...
I'D SING OUT THAT MANTRA AT THE TOP OF MY VOICE... BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG!
AND JOHNSON WOULD BRING IT IN, ALIGHT AND READY FOR SMOKING.
YEAH. THAT BONG'S SEEN SOME ACTION, GARY.

Literary Review

Chick-fic

Ralph's Party
Lisa Jewell
(Penguin £5.99)

THESE girlie novelists, how do they do it, eh? Scarcely a week goes by without the *Bookseller* heralding the transfer of a six-figure sum into the bank account of some waif-like North London 28-year-old, who just happens to have scribbled 100,000 words or so on her weekends off from the PR job or the windsurfing with Jonjo, which, mysteriously, publishers have then clambered over themselves to urge into print. HarperCollins, never slow in these kind of manoeuvrings, recently lobbed Miss Jennifer Colgan a cool two hundred thou for her first two progeny. Lisa Jewell — young, photogenic and with the obligatory background in "fashion PR" — is the latest high priestess of the cult and was dropped a huge wad of cash by the kind people at Penguin who dextrously steered her into the paperback top ten.

Chick-fic (this sobriquet was dreamed up by a woman, incidentally), what's it all about then? *Well, blokes mainly.* And, um, relationships. Style preferences lavishly featured, of course, and with the shades of many an unborn child stalking the bland horizons. No, I'm *not* being patronising. All this stuff is deadly serious, don't you know? *Ralph's Party* is actually just the dinkiest little *roman à trois*. Or rather, *à six*. The protagonists, all of whom inhabit a three-flat affair off Battersea Rise, are as follows: Smith and Ralph, the former a City PR man, the latter a non-practising artist, Jem their new (female) flatmate, upwardly mobile DJ Karl and his increasingly large and lachrymose girlfriend Siobhan, and on the top floor hotbabe Cheri (no, really) who has just aborted Karl's unborn child.

What happens? Well, Smith beds Jem with lavishly indecent haste, while Ralph sulks. Karl and Siobhan have Problems and Some Very Serious Conversations. Cheri sits and smoulders. Basically, though, these are Very Nice People who want to do the best they can by one another, and when Ralphie suddenly retrieves his long-lost painterly vocation... well, I won't spoil it for you dears.

Thus framed, and even allowing for the will she/won't she, can he/can't he tergiversations of the genre, this scenario might just have made a sixty or seventy page novella. But Ms Jewell is clearly an industrious girl, keen to offer value for money, and by means of a series of spirited writerly techniques has managed to spin things out to nearly 400 pages. How does she do it?

Method one is to have lots of digressive conversations. Here, for example, is Jem buying the ingredients for a supper she intends to cook for the boys:

"I'll have a pound of chicken breasts, please, with the skins off."

"What are you cooking tonight, then?" He always wanted to know what she was cooking.

"Oh, just a Thai green curry."

"Making your own paste, are you?"

"Of course... Don't I always?"

Even allowing for the shopkeeper's weird cameo a hundred pages or so further on, one might wonder what this exchange has to do with anything. There's lots more shopping, of course (M&S get several name-checks) not to mention some unintentionally hilarious sub-ethical detours ("Who knows where the chickens from which these breasts had been wrenched came from?" etc). But Ms Jewell's real forte, it turns out, is the redundant explanation: two or three pages of action followed by two or three more pages of sedulous reader prompt-carding. Thus, after Karl has eyed up a lascivious twenty year-old at a party and subsequently tried to slake these emotions by means of a hearty love romp with Siobhan, the latter reflects that said piece of jail-bait "made Siobhan feel ugly, she made her feel insecure, and for some reason she made Siobhan feel sad and sacred..." She also made the reader feel that the reader has worked this piece of psychological call and response out already and could we please get on with it?

There is quite a lot more of this – no, there are pages and pages more of this, together with a great deal of What Women Want and What Men Are Sometimes Prepared To Allow Them. And yet for all its proudly flaunted imperfections, one can forgive *Ralph's Party* quite a bit on the strength of what can only be called its odd gaucheness. Unlike recent young persons' shagfests such as the preposterous *Come Together*, the people in it are at least likeable enough to prompt some faint interest in their destinies. It's some consolation, perhaps, to find that beneath the psychology-by-numbers and the Delia Smith outtakes, there can be glimpsed the beating of a human heart.

WHAT YOU DIDN'T MISS Pt 94...

Starcrossed by A.A. Gill

THEY walked through the carpark, past the tides of stupid working-class people that you only see at motorway service stations. Inside the canteen were the gormless dispossessed drifting of England: fat frights in jaded jeans who would never aspire to really important jobs on the *Sunday Times*, palsied pensioners who'd probably never eaten at the Ivy in their lives, blob-arsed women called Mandy and Sandy who'd never live with highly paid style journalists however much they read the slimming tips in *Slapper* magazine or whatever, wobbling jokes and squabbling pokes, harassed escapees from ghastly council warrens in roads without a fashionable restaurant in sight...

Later they woke in a light-soaked bed, sodden with the syrupy stink of sex. He glimpsed her face in the mirror. A perfect face. Eyes that had never looked over the cheap clothes in Woolworths, lips had never smoked anything less expensive than a Balkan Sobranie, a mouth that had probably never even spoken to a working-class person.

"Christ," he said, after an hour or so of unimaginably proficient sex, "You're Dolores Popsicle, the famous American actress."

"Jeez," she said. "And I suppose you work in some Notting Hill dimestore selling things to poor people?"

He ran his hand through his long black hair. Outside, diggers tussled across the building site like rorting penises, rampant beneath the white, breasty clouds. "Wait, though" he balefully brooded. "Haven't we met before?"

"Sure," she said. "In a film with Julia Roberts and Hugh Grant."

Books & Bookmen

■ In all of the fulminations about TV hoaxer Chris Morris's latest venture — the *Observer*'s "Time to Go" column and the ensuing Fourth Estate book — no one has mentioned that when the articles, ostensibly by suicidal columnist Richard Geefe, first began in May, Morris, claiming to be an outraged media type called Rory Gent, rang various book-trade hacks. He asked if any of them had heard of "Geefe"and the obscene notion that he had landed an enormous book deal on the strength of a handful of angsty scribblings in the *Absurder*.

When the hacks replied, naturally, that they had not noticed "Geefe" or his work, Morris/Gent threw in the suggestion that either Hodder Headline or Fourth Estate was the publisher in question. When pressed, Fourth Estate's perennially cagey editorial director, Clive Priddle, told one of the trade hacks that he was "very excited" by "Geefe", but that "nothing has been agreed". "We hope that when he does write a book," Priddle continued, "it will be with us." In fact, Priddle was in on the joke from the start, and it will be interesting to see what happens to the book plans now that "Geefe" has been killed off four months early, with all of the columns having been reprinted by the *Obs* in a four-page pullout.

■ **Also at Fourth Estate, another of the mischievous Clive Priddle's current schemes is the biography of Rupert Murdoch that he has commissioned from *Newsnight* journalist Michael Crick. Crick is, of course, the perfect author for a balanced and fair book on the Dirty Digger. A passionate Manchester United supporter, Crick was the main spokesman for the Shareholders United Against Murdoch campaign, and was barred by his BBC bosses from reporting on Murdoch-related interests for some time because of his extra-curricular Digger-thwarting commitments.**

■ *Corporate philistinism in the higher reaches of Waterstone's* (Eye 979) *has developed further. The company wants desperately to remove the original 1930s signs from the former Simpson clothing store on Piccadilly, which it is turning into its flagship bookstore, to impose its own, all-important branding.*

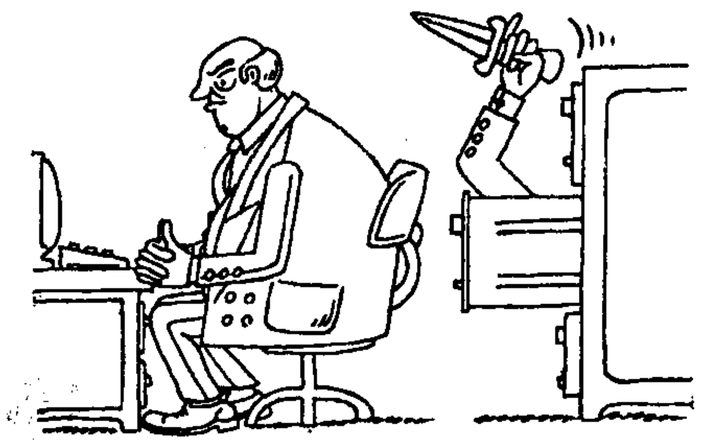
One small snag: the building has a Grade II listing, and English Heritage has informed Alan "Weasel" Giles and his cohorts that the signs are an integral part of the edifice, protected explicitly in the extremely thorough listing document. "Weasel" is reported to be unwilling to budge, but with EH digging its heels in and the Twentieth Century Society throwing its weight behind the preservation case he may just have to.

■ Aspire Publishing has asked us to point out that their book about the Hamiltons *Trail by Conspiracy* by Jonathan Hunt is not "a vanity publication" and that neither the author, the Hamiltons, nor any third party paid for the production of the book. *(It is still rubbish though. Ed.)*

'Bookworm'

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
IT'S THE RETURN OF CLASSIC STORYTELLING!
HARRY POTTER AND THE PRISONER OF AZKABAN
YES, IT'S ALL DOWN TO MARKETING...
HARRY POTTER OUT NOW
...WE PITCHED THE DUMPBINS JUST RIGHT..
PAY HERE
...BRILLIANT SALES STRATEGY.
IT'S NOT FOR ME, IT'S FOR MY NEPHEW...

IN THE BACK



CORONER

Yet another spasm

WHEN A coroner receives a good ticking off from his superiors for the conduct of an inquest, you might think he'd be rather more careful with the next contentious case to appear on his list. Not so, apparently, if you are Roger Atkinson, the Coroner for Lincolnshire.

Earlier this year the Queen's Bench Divisional Court took the rare step of quashing an inquest verdict on a prisoner at Lincoln jail, Brett Hay. Atkinson had recorded a verdict of death by natural causes, but had refused to allow the notes of police officers to be introduced in evidence. Lord Justice Brooke and Mr Justice Forbes were also alarmed to learn that interested parties at the inquest had no prior warning as to which witnesses would be called, or what they were likely to say, thus making it almost impossible for Hay's family to prepare a case.

The judges said there ought to be guidance to coroners on pre-hearing techniques, which could include the circulation of a provisional list of witnesses together with a short statement of their evidence. They had no power to order this, because of the vagueness of the 1988 Coroners' Act, but strongly recommended that the Coroners' Society should consider it.

Less than a month after publication of the judgment, Atkinson presided over an inquest into the death of Iain Hocknell, who had been admitted to Lincoln County Hospital after having an epileptic fit in the street, falling over and suffering a head injury. Four days later, after leaving hospital, he was found dead, face down in a stream.

What emerged at the inquest was an alarming tale of medical inaction and ineptitude. It transpired that when Iain was taken to hospital he showed obvious signs of mental confusion and agitation. Staff offered him a Temazepam tablet to calm him down, but when he refused, no further steps were taken to sedate or counsel him. During his 24-hour stay he was seen briefly once by a doctor – and, more crucially, was not given a head X-ray. The doctor admitted at the inquest that a scan or X-ray would have revealed extensive bleeding to the brain. But she added, surprisingly, that "it is not routine for a patient admitted with a head injury to have an X-ray or a scan."

Instead, for the next 24 hours, Iain was observed under the Glasgow Coma Test method. These tests are meant to be carried out hourly, but the day nurses admitted they had missed some of them. The night nurse was not called to say whether she had administered the tests at all.

The coroner refused to entertain a suggestion from Iain's father, Steve Hocknell, that because of his son's mental state he should have been detained under the Mental Health Act for his own safety while further tests were conducted.

The hospital staff tried to explain Iain's agitation by claiming that he had slipped out of the hospital and got hold of alcohol. But they were then forced to admit that he had been absent from the ward only once, for no more than 10 minutes, and the nearest pub or shop selling alcohol is 20 minutes' walk.

Three days after leaving hospital, Iain was found dead in a stream a few hundred yards away. Pathologist Dr Michael McClement told the inquest that he died from pneumonia, probably as a result of bad weather that night. But he also discovered extensive bleeding to the cover of the brain, which would have made Iain confused and disorientated.

Coroner Atkinson ruled that the hospital had taken all reasonable steps to ensure that there was nothing wrong with Iain, that the Mental Health Act could not have been used to keep him in hospital, and that he died of natural causes – i.e., pneumonia.

If there was even the slightest possibility that it was the hospital's lack of care that led to Iain's death, the case should have been heard by a coroner's jury. Section 8.3 (d) of the Coroners' Act states that where a death occurred in circumstances the recurrence of which is prejudicial to public health or safety, a jury must be empanelled.

This was precisely the point that Steve Hocknell wished to make: he believes that the failure to carry out an X-ray or scan on his son might well justify a lack-of-care verdict. But he was prevented from effectively pursuing this line of inquiry by the fact that evidence was sprung on him at the last minute. He wrote to the coroner afterwards mildly remonstrating about his conduct of the case. "I would respectfully point out to you," Atkinson replied tersely, "that my coroner's officer spoke to you in some detail, and informed you of the witnesses who were going to be called at the inquest and the substance of what they were going to say."

Steve Hocknell disagrees. "I was told, for example, that the pathologist would tell the court the cause of death. But I was not told what the cause of death was. I was told that nurses would be called to give evidence of what treatment Iain received. But I was not told what the treatment was." He has now asked the Lord Chancellor, Derry Irvine, to intervene.

"My object is not to seek compensation or disciplinary action," he told the *Eye*, "but simply to ensure that this doesn't happen to anyone else."

PRISON RELEASE

Worse than the Brighton bomber?

WITH THE prison population at 64,820 and costing taxpayers an enormous £1.7bn a year, you might have thought even the most brutal home secretary would be pleased to release one or two harmless inmates.

Not if the case of David Blagdon is anything to go by.

Driven to despair after the death of both his parents and suddenly finding himself homeless, he set fire to some curtains at the village church at South Hinksey, near Oxford.

He then put out the flames himself and waited for the police to arrive. A cry for help, if ever there was one. No one was in the church at the time and the damage cost less than £1,200 to put right. In court David Blagdon pleaded guilty to arson and was sent to jail.

That was in 1978 under the last Labour government. Twenty-one years later and now aged 48 he is still there – despite psychiatric and social reports that suggest he should be freed.

The reason he is still detained at the home secretary's pleasure is, it seems, that a condition of release for prisoners sentenced to life in prison - as Blagdon incredibly was — is that they successfully serve a few months in an open prison.

On the two occasions Mr Blagdon enjoyed the freer conditions of Leyhill open prison, he went Awol. He committed no crimes and, according to his lawyer, Kevin O'Gorman, found himself a flat and a job "to prove he could live on the outside" before giving himself up.

He went straight back into tighter security at Bullingdon prison, where he remains.

But there are serious question marks over the sentence in the first place. David Blagdon had the most difficult and deprived childhood, brought up in institutions and by foster parents. His foster-mother had a breakdown and refused to leave her bed after the sudden death of another child in her care and, at the age of nine, David left school to look after her and run the house. At around that time he started to get into trouble for petty crimes, including vandalism, arson and theft. He was just coming to the end of a sentence for a motor crime when he was told his foster mother had cancer and was in hospital. The day he was released, she died. His stepfather died a few weeks later and, as David returned home from the funeral, he found the locks on the family's tied cottage had been changed and he had been forced on to the streets. That is when he went to set fire to St Laurence's church.

But without any kind of psychiatric, medical or social assessment, Mr Blagdon was sentenced to life. According to John Davis, the vicar of St Laurence, Mr Blagdon has long been forgiven by the villagers, who pray for his release. "He was a young man clearly in need of psychiatric help. Instead he was locked up without any kind of support and he has served far longer than many people convicted of far worse crimes."

The local paper, the *Oxford Mail*, has taken up the villagers' campaign against the injustice of Mr Blagdon's continuing detention. So far its pleas to Mr Straw have fallen on deaf ears. A prison service spokesman said only that Mr Blagdon was waiting to be transferred -- once again – to another open jail.

Refugees in, crooks out

IT's tough, sometimes, being Home Secretary. Recently, prison and probation officers have been finding it difficult to find homes for prisoners leaving jail because hostels, B&Bs and other emergency accommodation - particularly in Greater London, Kent, and along the south coast - have been filling up with refugees from the Balkans and other bloody civil wars.

Jack Straw's ingenious answer to the problem. Convert Aldington jail in Kent into an immigration detention centre. That way you can lock up all the poor asylum seekers and let out the criminals, without fear that they will immediately start fuelling the burglary and theft crime statistics, because they'll be too busy looking for somewhere to live.

WORLD OF SPORT

Snow joke

STRANGE goings on at the British Ski and Snowboard Federation, the body which runs our national ski team.

Following a recent restructuring, the new chairman of the BSSF is Timothy Alcott – or, as he is also known, Timothy Alcock. But a search at Companies House reveals not two but three separate identities. As Alcott and Alcock, both of Richmond Road, Twickenham, he is a director of several businesses with interests in skiing and leisure, including the Hillingdon Ski Centre and Snoworld Ltd. But a listing for one Timothy Alcock of Montpelier Row, Twickenham, has directorships of no fewer than 11 companies that have been dissolved or struck off, sometimes in rather inauspicious circumstances. Oddly enough, the two apparently different addresses turn out to be merely opposite ends of his palatial Twickenham residence. Clearly, however, there is no intention to mislead the registrar of companies.

The skiing community feels quite confident that Tim's multifarious interests in skiing firms will have no bearing on his judgment of what is best for the sport. Nor can there be any suggestion of a conflict of interest when dealing with top young skier Chemmy Alcott, who was recently selected to join the senior British ski team for the first time at the world championships, only a few months after her father was installed as chairman.

Since Tim's appointment a number of key staff have left the BSSF, and former international ski racer Graham Bell has been hired as the new performance director. Bell then recruited his former employer Malcolm Erskine as a team coach and decreed that the children's ski team would henceforth be based in the British Alpine Academy – a business owned and operated by, er, Malcolm Erskine.

No doubt all these exciting changes will ensure that our skiers are soon the best in the world.

NIGHT CLUBS

Home, sour Home

THE Ministry of Sound, the nightclub owned by James Palumbo, "new" Labour guru and pre-election chauffeur to Peter Mandelson, has again been using interesting methods to try to nobble the competition.

In February Palumbo's former partner Lynn Cosgrave accused him in court of sending her into rival nightclubs to seek out evidence of drug dealing by their management – evidence that would see the clubs in question instantly closed down (*Eye* 970). Cosgrave claimed Palumbo had asked her to wear a body wire, and pass on any information to journalists at the *Sunday Times*, a paper which used to employ Palumbo's cousin, James Bethell. He has since joined the family firm as Ministry's head of media, following a stint at the *Independent*.

In March, following the embarrassment of the Cosgrave case, Mark Rodol, the creative director of Ministry, contacted Bethell's old *Indy* colleague Paul Lashmar with a host of accusations about the management and DJs of another nightclub chain, Home. Home is run by Ron McCulloch and Darren Hughes, who plan to open a huge club in central London later this year in direct competition to the Ministry of Sound.

The new club has also been chosen by Radio One as one of the venues for its 24-hour millennium broadcast – a list from which Ministry was excluded. Palumbo's grand plans for a club night in the Greenwich dome fell through when his chum Mandelson dropped from the scene last December.

Wisely the *Independent* did not report any of Rodol's more excitable (and entirely unproved) claims about McCulloch and Hughes. Lashmar was, however, interested in what he had to say about Home's resident DJ (and star of Radio One, anchoring among other things the millennium broadcast), Pete Tong.

Tong owns his own record company, FFRR, but is allowed by the BBC to play some of its records on his weekly Radio One show which the Beeb monitors. In March this averaged only one or two a programme, but after three months of dedicated monitoring, this had gone up to the impressive total of "nearly four". The BBC should have made Tong declare his connection on every show or told him not to play his own records. But it didn't, thus enabling the *Indy* to splash *BBC LETS DJs PLUG THEIR OWN RECORDS* on its front page.

Unfortunately for Ministry, the only effect was to get Tory culture spokesman Peter Ainsworth on side. He sent an outraged letter to the Beeb, and received a vague assurance from chairman Sir Christopher Bland that the BBC would look at the guidelines. This fell somewhat short of the effect Ministry had hoped its tales of drug dealing and grand corruption would have. The search for dirt on Home will no doubt continue.

DRUG POLICY

Searching for a fix

JACK "the enforcer" Cunningham last week heralded the success of the government's new drugs policy, announcing a "significant expansion" of drug treatment orders – the new court punishment aimed at rehabilitating those who rob and steal to feed their habit.

More government hot air. For what the Cabinet Minister failed to mention in his speech to drug workers was that early results from the drug treatment trials are proving politically embarrassing.

The government's own research suggests that one in five of all convicted criminals has a serious drug problem. But in the first eight months of the three pilot schemes, in Liverpool, Croydon and Gloucester, only 69 of the thousands of drug-using offenders passing through the courts were given treatment orders. And so far, one in six of those have already failed.

The vast majority of addicts and abusers were not spotted. Of those who were picked up, two out of three were rejected after assessment because the offenders themselves decided they would rather take their chances in jail, or because they were considered not worth the £6,400 cost per treatment plan – i.e., they were far too likely to carry on taking illicit substances.

According to Home Office research, there are between 150,000 and 200,000 offenders who are stealing up to £400 a week in money or goods to fund their drug problem. To target them all would cost well over £1bn, yet the Treasury is coughing up only an extra £217m for its entire "joined-up" anti-drugs strategy – including education, prevention and treatment – not just for criminals.

Harry Fletcher, of the National Association of Probation Officers, said research has shown that for every pound spent on treatment and prevention, £3 was saved – mainly in a reduction to the £7bn-a-year drug-related crime bill. "Drugs and drug crime are the major scourge of the criminal justice system. But Jack Cunningham is kidding himself and the electorate if he thinks the answer lies in under-resourced and marginal treatment orders."

Number crunchings

100% increase in Virgin Trains' profits in the last year

40% increase in late trains on Virgin Cross-Country lines in the last year

The Curse of Gnome

EVER since he won substantial libel damages from Lord Gnome in 1996, things have not gone well for Merseyside leisure services entrepreneur Henry "H" Williams.

A summer sojourn in France that year was unexpectedly extended when Williams was arrested by police at the French end of the Channel Tunnel on an outstanding warrant regarding heroin smuggling *(Le Curse De Gnome – Eye 904)*.

His subsequent spell of more than five weeks as a guest of the gendarmes ended when a Paris judge declared "H" had no case to answer. The behaviour of the French authorities was justly described by his solicitor and erstwhile business partner, Kevin Alphonsus Dooley, as "a disgrace from start to finish".

On his return to Blighty, "H" encountered more bad news. Knowsley council had placed heavy restrictions on the operation of the licence for his night-club, *Ferrari's*, in Wilson Road, Huyton, after local residents complained about the noise and Inspector Knacker expressed concern regarding several incidents of violence both inside and outside the club.

In a strategy to combat this, Williams hit on the brainwave of changing the name of the club to *Sharks*, the better to play down its violent image. The humour of the move was lost on Knowsley's licensing sub-committee, which duly closed it down in April 1997. Five months later Sharks was burnt to the ground. The cause of the fire remains a mystery.

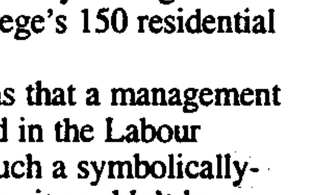
The latest misfortune to befall Williams is the decision of the DTI to ban him from acting as a company director. His scheme to establish wine bars and bistros throughout the land has come to nought and his companies have gone into receivership with debts of over £200,000.

The DTI's insolvency service decision means that Williams is disqualified from being a company director or "in any way, whether directly or indirectly, being concerned in or taking part in the promotion, formation or management of a company until 2005".

The plus side is that he will have plenty of time to reflect on his future business career.

HIGH PRINCIPALS

Lucky Jim



JOHN PRESCOTT has described as "catastrophic" the decision to wind down the residential courses at Ruskin College, Oxford, which has educated generations of Labour activists and trade unionists.

The principal, Jim Durcan, a management consultant appointed 18 months ago, has decided that much of the work of the college can be done through part-time courses and a "virtual college" on the Internet. To this end, he has decided the college will need fewer full-time teachers in future.

His entire senior management team has resigned and he has been forced to promote the college's counsellor to the post of dean to help him push through his reforms.

Meanwhile, serious questions are being asked about Durcan's commitment to the college. In particular, staff are asking whether his regular absences to pursue his own consultancy work constitute a conflict of interests.

Former students of the college, who include Prescott himself, are up in arms about Durcan's regime and the fact that he has only managed to recruit 27 students for the college's 150 residential places for next year.

They are asking how it was that a management consultant with no background in the Labour movement was appointed to such a symbolically-important post. Surely, they say, it couldn't have anything to do with the fact that he is a personal friend of Lord Bill McCarthy, academic advisor to Ruskin's governors, with whom he has written a book about industrial relations?

● **MORE news of David Eade, Principal of Barnsley College (*Eye* 978) and the ongoing inquiry into the £21,000 loan he authorised to set up a surfing magazine run by his own step-children. The loan was made by Progress Training Ltd, set up by Eade to run the college's franchise operations.**

The Barnsley Central MP, Eric Illsley, a regular guest of Eade in the college's box at Oakwell, Barnsley FC's ground, has now met Mr Eade and received assurances that "everything was above board".

He told the *Barnsley Chronicle*: "I was further assured that he played no part whatsoever in the granting of the loan."

Perhaps it might interest Mr Illsley to see the "enterprise proposal form" confirming the loan and marked as a "sports magazine investment". At the bottom of the form is the signature of none other than David Eade. It seems odd that Illsley could be so easily duped.

● **LECTURERS at Barnsley might be interested in Eade's record at his previous college, Park Lane in Leeds, which he left ten years ago.**

It may be a long time ago, but there are still a lot of people in Leeds who remember Eade, including his ex-wife Maisie, the mother of the two surfing step-children, who worked as a humble junior lecturer at Park Lane when Eade was principal.

Staff still recall the bitterness of the couple's divorce and Maisie's highly vocal demands for a generous financial settlement. However, she became far less vocal when she was promoted over the heads of more experienced colleagues to become director of a new business studies department at a vastly increased salary, a post she still holds today. As heads of department earn around £40,000 a year, that adds up to nearly half a million big ones over ten years, of which David Eade hasn't had to pay a penny.

In the City

THE man who broke the Barings bank did not list going to the cinema as one of the pleasures he was looking forward to on his return to Britain this week.

But then Nick Leeson should have no fears about taking the time to see *Rogue Trader*, even if it gives banality a good name.

For, like his ghost written book on which it is based, this is Leeson's case for the defence of the indefensible. Timed to coincide with his release from prison in Singapore, *Rogue Trader* aims to rehabilitate Leeson as a man who has suffered too much for a crime in which his Barings bosses were complicit through their greed.

Its unwritten agenda is to justify the unjustifiable – Leeson's profiting from his notoriety – while ignoring the hardship his premeditated actions have caused many innocent victims, who never entered the Barings portals and knew nothing of the bank's addiction to high-risk derivative trading.

That Leeson has paid a price for his crimes is undoubted, although four years in prison, even a Singapore prison, is much less than others who wreaked smaller havoc on American banks or financial institutions have suffered. Cancer and divorce, the latter certainly the result of his crimes, may encourage sympathy. But they do not justify rewriting history.

Certain events have been "invented or adapted", runs the legal disclaimer at the end of *Rogue Trader*. How very true. More importantly many others less flattering to our hero have been simply omitted.

Leeson's lies began from day one. He did not reveal to Barings that he had had a county court judgement against him for a £691 debt in February 1991, a year before the bank applied for his registration with City regulators. The reason was simple. It would have blocked his ability to be a trader.

This lie was subsequently uncovered by the Securities and Futures Authority's background check. The SFA told Barings. Barings did not tell the Singapore regulators, SIMEX. Nor did Leeson, who submitted the same false statement omitting the judgement to SIMEX.

This episode does not appear in the film, but then it shows a man who was financially reckless and prepared to lie to cover that up.

Perhaps more crucial to the *Rogue Trader* defence of Leeson and the conviction of Barings is the lie about the origins of the fateful 88888 account which he used to hide the losses which three years later blew the bank away.

In the film, as in his sympathetic 1995 TV interview with the great non-inquisitor "Sir" David Frost, who with Granada and Newmarket Capital produced this cinematic classic, Leeson is shown creating the "errors" account to cover up losses of £20,000 made by an inexperienced girl trader. Barings were also to blame here, the film says, because there was no money to hire experienced dealers.

Leeson gallantly deals his way into deeper trouble trying to cover the original losses, but then brilliantly deals his way out again thanks to the one major client he ever recruited, an offshore bank operated by a French speculator.

He only reopens the 88888 account after he zigs when he should have zagged and lost money on his own trading for the bank. Completely untrue.

As the Singapore inspectors' report reveals, Leeson opened 88888 just two days after he began trading on SIMEX in July 1992. At that time he was one of only two Barings traders. The other was Eric Chang.

It was Leeson who made the loss. It was £40,000 on almost his first trade. Within weeks this loss had grown to more than £300,000. Hardly the mark of a future master of the universe.

Almost at once Leeson also embarked on a policy of deception and forgery to cover up his own losses. He organised the creation of false transfers to hide the growing losses which, by the end of 1992, totalled at least £2 million.

This required an even more serious act of forgery in October 1992. Desperate to hide the mushrooming losses and save his job, Leeson forged a back-dated audit confirmation from London to fool the Barings auditors in Singapore. Leeson had embarked on the criminal path more than two years before the sequence of events which broke Barings in February 1995.

Once again *Rogue Trader* either glosses over, or ignores, these 1992 events, presumably because they show Leeson as a failure and a crook before his bonus-driven bosses at Barings are ever in the frame.

Instead, he is portrayed as a star trader who makes a few mistakes, like the gambler who keeps doubling instead of quitting, and is overtaken by events. These are the Kobe earthquake and subsequent Tokyo market crash. And only then does he turn to forgery, fabricating the letter to fill a near $80 million hole in the Singapore balance sheet which had been spotted by the auditors.

In fact, this was just the last of a long line of false documents, entries and explanations given by this high-rolling wannabe who was ever more desperately covering up losses in the supposedly lucky 88888 account. Between December 1992 and December 1994 these had grown from £2 million to £208 million, according to the Bank of England investigation. Two months later Leeson had lost another £619 million. Some star.

The culpability of the Barings suits, chairman Peter Baring and those in the line of supposed management above Leeson who appear in the film (Simon Jones, Ron Baker, Peter Norris and Tony Hawes), who failed to spot or stop Leeson is undoubted. They are damned by their own words and inactions detailed in the Singapore and Bank of England reports.

However, they are portrayed as little more than cardboard caricatures in *Rogue Trader* to fit the Leeson line. They and several other executives who do not appear were subsequently justifiably barred as directors or from the City, but this is not mentioned. It is as if they escaped all blame or punishment, leaving poor little Leeson to carry the Changi can.

But if they were besotted by the bonuses Leeson's fictional profits created, so was Leeson. He profited from juicy bonuses for 1992 (£35,000) and 1993 (£130,000). He would have benefited spectacularly to

Leeson: Rogue and Trader

the tune of £450,000 had Barings survived the 1994 bonus payment date in February 1995.

Yet this, too, is glossed over in *Rogue Trader*. Only the greed and gains of others are highlighted, while Leeson can only think of giving it all up. How could he? The 88888 losses would have been discovered and he would have been on his way to jail even earlier.

Given the origin of the film, its portrayal of Leeson is no surprise. The question now is whether he will gain from Granada and Frost's backing for this whitewash.

Even before he signed the original £450,000 book deal the Barings liquidators, Ernst and Young, had sued Leeson and obtained the right to grab any profits he made from his story. This enabled them to obtain a freeze on his assets on the news of his £150,000 "My Life Inside" newspaper deal. They, for themselves and the creditors, and Leeson's lawyers, Kingsley Napley, have always been in a good position to take a bite out of anything Leeson earned from his story. This arrangement was helped by an unofficial agreement which allowed Leeson to sell the book and film rights to his story unhindered.

The subsequent supposed £3 million film deal was, in fact, a small amount down, perhaps £5,000 to £10,000, and the balance dependant on the box office returns. He and his creditors are long on *Rogue Trader* futures in the hope of a killing. Just how much that will generate is a moot point after the reviews. It could be another candidate for the 88888 account.

The £150,000 expected to come from the Daily Mail-that champion of morality and ethics-is similarly likely to have to face substantial liquidator and lawyer deductions ahead of Leeson.

But while these may ensure accountants and lawyers have not fought in vain, it will mean nothing for the real casualties of Barings. These are the investors, many of them elderly, who bought its preference shares, seeking a guaranteed income and complete security, not spectacular returns and fat bonuses.

They have been wiped out by Nick Leeson, losing savings they can never replace. Needless to say, they do not appear anywhere in *Rogue Trader*.

'Slicker at the Movies'

THE DIRECTORS

DREDGE/RIGG

WHAT EXACTLY IS THE 'THIRD WAY' OLD BOY ?
LOOK, IT'S VERY SIMPLE – THE 'FIRST WAY' WAS STATE TYRANNY...
... THE 'SECOND WAY' WAS MARKET TYRANNY...
AND THE 'THIRD WAY,' OF COURSE, IS A MIXTURE OF THE TWO !

Allow us to introduce ourselves. For the last forty odd years, we've provided the technology which brings commercial television and radio into your homes.

From Corrie to the Big Match live, every episode and every goal has appeared on your screens courtesy of our transmitters and cables.

We also handle communications for the emergency services and provide the nuts and bolts for Virgin Net and Which? Online, who have over 300,000 subscribers between them.

Oh yes, nearly forgot. We also supply 25% of the UK's cable television, placing us nicely at the head of developments in digital and interactive tv. In short, we're the complete communications company.

Why should any of this be of the slightest interest to you? Because from now on, you could well find yourself bumping into us in just about every corner of your life.

That being so, we thought you ought to see our credentials. And ***n***ice ***t***echnological ***l***inks they are too. Or ***ntl,*** as we're fast becoming known. For more information, call us on 0800 183 1234 or hit us at www.askntl.com.

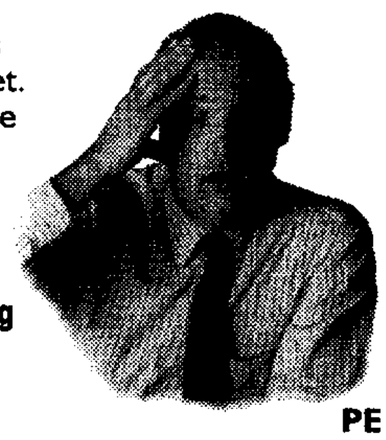
ntl:
Technology. Tamed.

specialEYEs

surveillance

DISCREET **SURVEILLANCE** EQUIPMENT
ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy.
Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly, discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.



■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers and Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance Equipment

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW

PE

0181-558 4226

PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS FAX 0181 558 1338 http://www.lorraine.co.uk

NEW LONDON SHOWROOMS:
59 South Audley Street, Mayfair, W1Y 5FB 27 Conduit Street, (Bond Street), W1R 9TA

exhibition

An opportunity to purchase the cartoons of
Tony Husband, Russell Taylor, Charles Peattie & Mark Warren

Physical exhibition...
The Cartoon Gallery 6th - 17th of July.

Virtual exhibition...
http://www.cartoongallery.co.uk for the whole of July and August.

The Cartoon Gallery is downstairs at:
Gosh! 39 Great Russell Street London WC1B 3PH
tel: 0171 636 1011 fax: 0171 436 5053 email: cartoongallery@easynet.co.uk
Open 10 - 6 seven days a week - late nights Thursday and Friday until 7.

Cartoon Gallery

Yobs

Alex PEATTIE+TAYLOR

Celeb

meeting people

6000 Women need you now!

SIRIUS Synergy
CREATING PEOPLE CHEMISTRY

Club Sirius the Introduction Agency for people like you.
Call for a Free Information Pack on
0800 542 3000
8:30am - 10:30pm seven days a week

www.clubsirius.com

Choices
Make fully informed decisions for your future into the millennium and beyond

LONDON HOME COUNTIES

Professional, personal introduction consultancy
Highest standards of security and confidentiality
Constantly developing infinite choices
Providing quality and service only you can ask for

Phone now on **01634 312621**
http://1choices.webjump.com

virtual services

the
VIRTUAL OFFICE
0171 917 2917
211 Piccadilly
London W1V 9LD

Give our girls a call
- Bright, professional receptionists.
- Calls answered in your company name and redirected.
- Nationwide business addresses.
- Full range of business support services.
- Conference room facilities and full secretarial support.

clubs

The
Blue Angel Club

welcomes you and your friends for a really unforgettable evening. Drink, or dine and dance in luxurious surroundings and be served or entertained by our Angels.
OpenMonday to Friday from 6.30pm until late
Membership not required.

17 Little Portland Street, London W1N 5DE Tel: 0171 636 2178

gifts

GENUINE BIRTHDAY NEWSPAPERS

From largest archives saved from the past. Printed between 1642-1999. Sunday Newspapers from 1915. Ready for presentation. Same day dispatch.

REMEMBER WHEN
445 Brighton Road
South Croydon
CR2 6EU.

PE

0181 763 6363

ANY RECORD YOU'VE EVER WANTED *COULD* BE YOURS!

BEANOS
THE LARGEST SECOND-HAND RECORD STORE IN EUROPE
MIDDLE STREET, CROYDON, SOUTH LONDON
0181 680 1202
E-mail beanos@easynet.co.uk

drink

ZYDOT

One hour after drinking Euro Blend, your urine may be pure for 4 to 5 hours

AVAILABLE AT GOOD STOCKISTS

For details call 01525 370 702

WWW.ZYDOT.COM

INTRODUCTORY flight vouchers

For only £125 inc. VAT

A thrilling gift for family, friends or yourself – a half hour helicopter intro flight. **PLUS First Flight Certificate.** Vouchers valid 6 months.

Call Cabair Flying Schools on
0181 953 4343

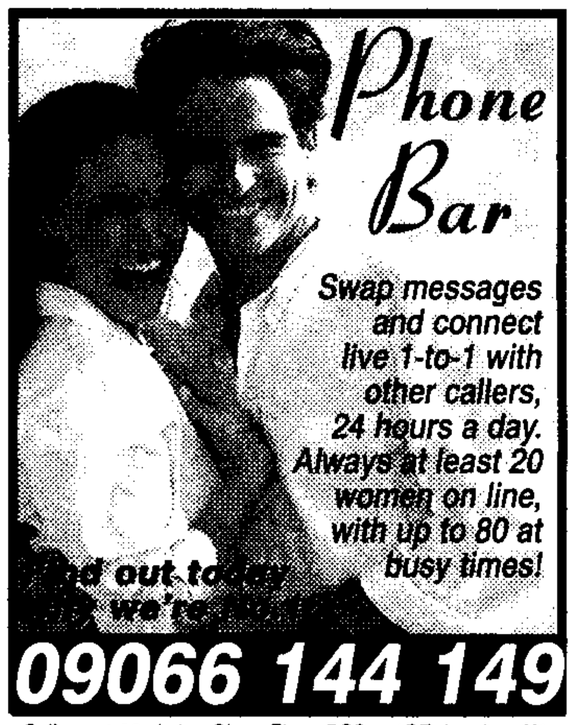
services

SPEECHWRITING SERVICES
CORPORATE • SOCIAL • POLITICAL
Fully Customised and confidential
MAKE EM LAUGH OR NO FEE!
Emergency Speeches Undertaken
Britain's leading Professional
MITCH MURRAY
01624 622660
Access • Visa • Mastercard

CONSULTANT
HYPNOTHERAPIST
Harley Street
Stress, panic attacks,
eating disorders, confidence,
sexual problems, smoking etc.
Telephone
Jessica Richards
0171 935 0023

the Phone Café

WHERE ALL THE WOMEN ARE GENUINE CALLERS
DON'T GET MONKEYED AROUND
09068 30 31 71
Calls cost 60p/min at all times
TPC. Box No 28. 93 Cowcross St. London. EC1M 6BH



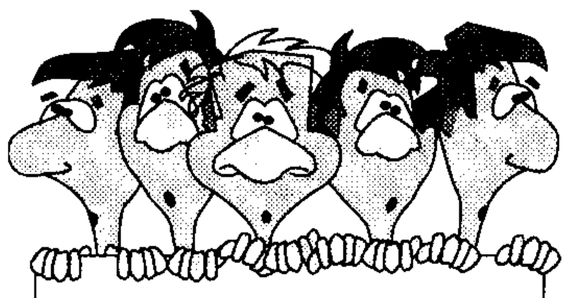
Calls cost 60p/min. PhoneTime, POBox 4DZ, London, N1

HELICOPTER TOUR OF LONDON
A twin engine heliflight along the Thames at 1000 feet, seeing London sights and the Millennium Dome
OUR VOUCHERS MAKE AN IDEAL GIFT! VALID 6 MONTHS

Phone for brochure or to book
CABAIR HELICOPTERS
0181 953 4411

WIND UP YOUR FRIENDS!
Call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - *then wait for the reaction!*

Invite to Number 10
09003 405411
The Detective
09003 405412
Mr. Stammer
09003 405413
Mr. Fury
09003 405414
My Daughter's Pregnant
09003 405415
WARMINSTER, WILTS BA12 7RJ
Calls cost 50p/min at all times



Looking for somewhere to advertise?

Call
0171 839 6306
Madison Bell Ltd

CARTOON ORIGINALS FROM PRIVATE EYE

Cartoons that have appeared in PRIVATE EYE may be purchased directly from the artists.

Write to them by name – where decipherable – at PRIVATE EYE, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

CLASSIFIED LINAGE ADVERTISEMENTS

£1.75 PER WORD VAT inclusive
BUSINESS RATE £2.25 PER WORD VAT inclusive

10 word minimum
BORDERING £10 EXTRA
Box number £8 (non-business advertisers only)
Cheques payable to Madison Bell Ltd
DICTATE YOUR AD WITH CREDIT/DEBIT CARD
0171 839 8384
FAX 0171 839 6719
E-mail: privateeye@madibell.demon.co.uk
MAIL YOUR AD OR BOX NUMBER REPLY TO:
PRIVATE EYE SMALLS,
20 ORANGE STREET,LONDON WC2H 7ED

NAME, ADDRESS & TEL NO:

.....

.....

.....

.....

Send your advertisement with cheque/postal orders or ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH, DELTA, SOLO, number.

NUMBER:.....

EXPIRY DATE: .....

ISSUE NUMBER (SWITCH): .....

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

CLASSIFIED LINAGE ADVERTISEMENTS
£1.75 per word personal, inc. vat
£2.25 per word business, inc. vat
Bordering £10, Box Number £8
10 word minimum
20 Orange Street, London WC2H 7ED
E-mail: privateeye@madibell.demon.co.uk
0171 839 8384 Fax: 0171 839 6719
DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE: 9 JULY

QUOTE

Amid all the puff about the new editor of Tatler, *it might be salutary to point out that what we're really talking about is a tiny circulation magazine, smaller than* Farmers' Weekly *and not that much more than* The Gas Installer...
In the Air column. **Evening Standard.**

EYE SAY

TIGER – I'M ON THE PROWL. 17 July is only the start. CAT WOMAN.

www.faxfn.org – the prize is a case of Bollinger. The winner is the first to show Professor Swales that training can significantly reduce unemployment. (Government ministers and treasury economists are eligible...)

NATURISM
If God has meant us to be naked we would have been born that way.
Http://www.british-naturism.org.uk

INTERACTIVE SATIRE on the web? Yes! Visit Phil's web site at www.wmin.ac.uk/~w9710089

SPEECHWRITING by Mitch Murray – see page 31...

SKIPPER, MMAX352452@AOL.COM – Wierdo.

EYE NOVELTIES

THE RUDE RUBBER STAMP Co. Manufacturers of rude, humorous and downright offensive rubber stamps. Your design or ours. Graffiti made easy. www.rudestamps.freeserve.co.uk or Telephone 01634 818404.

CARICATURES FROM PHOTO'S and for live entertainment. Tel: 01327 359213.

TAILORMADE CARTOON birthday cards designed around events/hobbies of the victim – £5. (01752) 601294.

TITLE PLUS LAND for £20. HONEST! Details: SURVIVAL, 'Norcot', LYBSTER, Caithness, KW3 6AQ.

BIRTHDAY/ANNIVERSARY newspapers – FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

CARICATURES FROM PHOTOS. The ultimate personalised gift. DAVE BAXTER – 01227 362893.

TITLES – LORD, LADY etc. Tel/Fax 0800 652 6641. www.elitetitles.co.uk

ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING printed onto a T-SHIRT or MOUSEMAT. A.P.P.S., 26 Thurnham St, Lancaster LA1 1XU. 01524 841286 – www.apps-uk.com (bulk/trade enquiries welcome).

LEGAL TITLES AVAILABLE
Sir, Lord, Baron etc.
ENGLISH MANOR TITLES
01803 858644.

FLYING, GLIDING, helicopters, motor racing, rallying, vintage aircraft, ballooning, simulators, skydiving. Introductory GIFT VOUCHERS from £55 valid 100+ locations nationwide. FREE BROCHURE: ACORNE SPORTS – 01494 451703.

PERSONALISED CONDOMS – Tel: 0033 29727 7566. Web: http:/www.chouette.net/condoms4u

PERSONALISED CHAMPAGNE
your unique message
printed on the label
delivered NEXTDAY nationwide £28
0181 675 9494.

BALLOON FLIGHTS Berks – Hants – Herts – Oxon – Surrey & over London! £115 – Adventure Balloons 01252 844222.

0800-CHAMPAGNE LTD
(0800-242 672)
Gift-wrapped
delivered nationwide.
www.liquidid.co.uk

MOULD-A-WILLY make exact rubber replica, chocolate, etc! £19.99 www.quantum-design.co.uk – 01305 848 666.

EYE HEAR

JAZZ PIANIST – Bud/Schoenberg. 01895 252327. 0181 813 7453.

DO YOU WANT TO SING
wonderful music
with one of London's most exciting
CHAMBER CHOIRS?
Then apply now
to join the
ORLANDO CHAMBER CHOIR.
Rehearsals on Thursdays
in Marylebone, London.
Contact:
CHERYL JOHNSON
Tel: 0171 639 6560.

JUKEBOX HIRE FOR PARTIES. Wide 7" vinyl and/or CD selection. Delivered/collected. From £116 – 0181 318 2852.

JAZZ TRIO/QUARTET
available for corporate
and private functions
0181 518 1881,
0973 131662.

EYE DRIVE

NEED A CAR for your Small/New Business and can't get finance? Then you need DUNCTON. Easy payment terms on late used models from Mondeo to Audi, NO PG's, with full maintenance. Call ROB at DUNCTON LEASING on 01798 343850.

RENT-A-DENT car hire – the absolute cheapest deals! 0181 349 1771.

EYE SELL

ROGUE TRADER – original sketches from Leeson trial. Singapore court artist's ACTUAL ILLUSTRATIONS as seen on BBC, ITN. Prices won't break bank. Offers. Box 0380.

TENTS, GPS, baby strollers, mosquito nets – shop on-line. www.complete-outdoors.co.uk

PARTY ESSENTIAL – Disco Rope-light. Stunning effect. £44. Details 01908 225254.

IF MUSIC be the food of love, GET STUFFED – at Richer Sounds. Free-phone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hours) for your FREE 24 page CATALOGUE/BRANCH LIST or visit our website at www.richersounds.com

OLD PERSIAN RUGS – Mostly £100-£3,000. Shed not shop, telephone first. DESMOND NORTH, East Peckham, Kent. 01622 871353.

EYE TECH

INJET CARTRIDGES, laser toner, SAVE £££'s. Printech UK – 01790 752023. Inkexpress@aol.com

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting – and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 0171 229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

EYE READ

FREE BOOKSEARCH for Out Of Print Titles – no obligation to purchase. TWIGGERS BOOKS 0181 878 8644 twiggers@btinternet.com

THE DISCIPLINE ARCHIVE – exquisite account of college CP, £12.95. SPIRAL OAK(PE), (214), 44 Morningside Road, Edinburgh, EH10 4BF, or CCs on 0131 664 3326.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS FOUND no obligation to purchase – 01376 562334.

FOURTH WORLD REVIEW. For thinking radicals. Sample: 24 Abercorn Place, NW8 9XP.

GILBERT & HAYE. Comedy book specialists. A4 SAE to 34 Dove Park West, Hatch End, HA5 4EB.

US BOOKS – US PRICES + audio, video, software – www.bookstore.co.uk – or phone 01494 882252.

EYE BUYS

HUGE EYE COLLECTION – 1973 to 1990 http://freespace.virgin.net/steve.blower/

EYE WANT

WOODEN CABIN / moored canal boat, countryside. Long-term let. Basic amenities, habitable. Peaks/Dales. Box 0180.

WANTED
BUSINESS MANAGER / PARTNER
for disorganised publisher
with more ideas than wherewithal
01235 851065.

DEREK AND CLIVE LIVE tapes wanted. Original or good copies. Price negotiable. Box 1580.

MISOGYNIST PHILOSOPHER seeks fellow woman haters for friendship and support. Box 1179.

EYE HELP

SPARKLING WEDDING speeches written specially for you by professional writer, speaker and entertainer – 0121 444 3131.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?
Corporate or family
HISTORIES/EVENTS
digitally filmed and edited by
accredited
BBC CREW.
TTV pictures
Telephone 0171 419 9550.

HOLIDAYS? Overflowing Answering Machine? For peace of mind, let us answer your calls, in your own name, courteously and professionally... Ask Carol at Farwood Lodge for details, Lo-call 0845 601 2504.

THE SOUTH
WILL RISE AGAIN.
the-raft.com/auteurs

LIMITED OR PLC COMPANIES, £90. Brochure: FREEPHONE 0800 526421, e-mail: cosun@drink.demon.co.uk

SECRET BANKING!
Second Passports,
Offshore Freedom,
Privacy Tactics
QUESTER PRESS,
Box A70, 6-8 High Street,
Bishops Waltham, Hants, SO32 1AB
FREE INFO PACK!
Tel: 01489 890044
Fax: 01489 890055

CONFIDENTIAL accommodation address at Forum House. Mail, phone, fax hold and forward. Guaranteed privacy. 0181 343 2316. E-mail: forum-house@clara.net

CONFIDENTIAL MAILING address – interesting range low-profile privacy related services and products. 0181 556 2979 for brochure.

CAN YOUR BUSINESS AFFORD TO MISS CALLS?
Professional and Confidential
RECEPTION SERVICE.
Calls answered
in your Company's Name
Ask GRAHAM HILL for details
VERBATIM CALL CENTRES
0800 652 0600.

BEST ACCOMMODATION address. Complete privacy. Mail/Fax/WP – 0171 284 2897. NW1.

PRIVATE MAILING ADDRESS IN SOUTH KENSINGTON
24 hour access;
Free fax receiving;
Mail forwarding worldwide;
Phone: 0171 581 2825;
Fax: 0171 581 4851;
www.mbe-lon.demon.co.uk

CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARIAL services. Typing, word processing, transcription of any audio/videotape; Foreign language translations. ALBANY SERVICES 01902 313008.

CHANCERY HOUSE
319 CITY ROAD,
LONDON EC1V 1LJ
mail holding/forwarding.
Tel/Fax services.
Private Boxes with 24 Hr access.
0171 833 4600.

SPEECHWRITING by Mitch Murray – see page 31...

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS
discreet, confidential
mail/message-holding service.
REGENT STREET
0171 580 4242.
email: hold-everything.com
Forget the rest – we're the best!

WEREN'T THE NINETIES great? the-raft.com/auteurs

EYE DETECT

LINK INVESTIGATIONS – Private and Commercial Investigators. Tracing Debtors, Lost Family and Friends, Matrimonial, Surveillance, Photographic Evidence, Witness Statements, Undercover Agents, Test Purchases, Staff Vetting, Fraud, De-Bugging, Professional and Discreet. Operative 24 hours a day. Tel: 01306 880707, Fax: 01306 888077.

MERLIN INVESTIGATIONS
journalism to surveillance
no stone unturned –
01992 767257;
Fax: 01992 767277;
Mobile: 0802 734489;
merlin999@bigfoot.com

SPECIALIST ANTI-SURVEILLANCE – de-bugging – security reviews – investigations. Total discretion 0181 665 5646; 0956 525712.

BUGGING DEVICE. Transmits to F.M. radio. £12.95 CHQ'S/VISA – MICROTECH, 8 Chestnut Road, Guildford, GU1 1HG. 01483 570417.

FEMALE DICK – 0181 374 8817.

TIGER BLACK investigations – the only investigation company featured on TWO ITV documentaries. All levels of investigation undertaken. 0181 352 2220 – tiger.black@virgin.net

EYE PROTECT

DE-BUGGING, electronic counter measures, sweeping, etc Call it what you like – WE DO IT. 0961 848737.

TIGER EVENT – our services include Event security, low and high level personal protection, door supervisors. Booking now being taken for Millennium events. Tel 0181 352 3806.

EYE CARE

INTERNATIONAL DISCOUNT Pharmacy. Impotence. Baldness. Insomnia, Obesity etc. Email: vitalprices11@kimba.net

WANTED. 100 PEOPLE to lose weight now. Serious callers only. Phone: 01372 270722.

MALE IMPOTENCY
WONDER DRUGS
Discreet Low Cost
No Fuss Service
INFORMATION PACK
Tel: 040388 3737
(24hr) VOICEMAIL

CONSULTANT HYPNOTHERAPIST, Harley Street. See advertisement in SpecialEyes... p.31

ERECTION CORRECTION and Men's Health – VIR Clinics – the original. 0800 163861.

EYE LEARN

SIMPLY THE BEST Driving courses. Manual/Automatic. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS – (01492) 531517.

DEGREES BY POST – guidebook to Life Experienced University Degrees – 0161 795 3056.

TRINITY COLLEGE – University Degree awards based on previous studies/qualified experience. No further studies. Bachelors £125, Masters £195, Doctorates £295. Transcripts £20. Brochure Tel/Fax 0034952486340.

www.learnbymail.com – Various awards and courses. Enrol online now.

EYE EARN

EMAIL ADVERTISING. Unlimited potential. No outlay. No selling. Email: AdExec23@fespic.com

MONEY!
Raise/borrow/make money fast!
"BORROWER'S BIBLE"
and other best sellers.
Free details:
0181 715 4815

SUPERIOR BUSINESS Opportunity – Tremendous free company support. No fees. 01702 334410.

NEVER AGAIN be without money – earn fortune from adult dating and phone-lines. Free info: 08707 297514, Ext 222.

EYE JOBS

CARER REQUIRED – day care for MS person (Monday-Friday). Good wage – good accommodation if needed, NW3. 0171 431 8972.

WORK FROM HOME – FT/PT. Phone 0171 864 6809 or www.wrkfrmhom.com/ajk

EYE WORK

GIRL FRIDAY 70 – looks 60 – feels 30. Seeks live-in job. Box 0680.

EYE NEED

£1MILLION NEEDED – desperate. NatWest Bank, Kilburn High Road – account number 38268736.

HELP MAKE CORRUPT ex-employers pay for misery caused us and many others. Lawyer says we have excellent case, but need £14,000 legal costs. Thank you for helping stop them doing it again. Abbey National 09-01-26, 07416593.

POTTY TIME. Throne room needs new loo seat. £60. Thanks. Lloyds 30-91-84, 0307075.

CPS HAVE FAILED me. Funds desperately needed to finance private proceedings against man who abused and killed my 13 year old daughter. Any amount gratefully received. Thankyou. A&L 72-50-06, 87177286.

NEED £400 FOR CHINA charity walk. Halifax 11-0-04, 00283067 – THANKS.

NURSE LEFT WITH HUGE debt, struggling, please help – anything! Halifax 11-08-70, 00229666. Box 3680.

DESPERATE PENNILESS mature physics student requires help – any gratefully received. Natwest 51 50 01, 87678217.

UNEMPLOYED – starting own business. Desperate for £2,500 to release grants. Barclays 20 23 81, 50412619.

ANGELS REQUIRED to help two desperate women. Midland 40-44-37, 71435728.

IMAGINATIVE, INDEPENDENT soul subsidising own work with borrowings against unpaid commissions seeks charity. Desperate fight with £57,500 debt to provide for my young family. Hope, hope you may afford to help us. Barclays 20-94-67, 20464635, please.

PENNILESS AUTHOR seeks patron. Has publisher, but no advance. Needs £4000 to complete important book on Burma. Your name in the Preface! abhsouth@lerdoh.demon.co.uk

DEBT RIDDEN, about to be repossessed, recently bereaved, exhausted, seeks urgent financial help for retraining and deposit to rent flat. 20-12-80, 90171492.

VETERAN ENVIRONMENTAL campaigner requires funds to network, travel and put into action 7 years of research (92-99) into practical solutions for a substantial 21st century (D.I.Y.) Agenda 21. URGENT NEED for at least £1,000 (spread across a number of projects) will help to plant the seeds of a brighter future. Acct No. x5017898BAR – Sort Code: 090000-0005 0005. E-mail: Phoenix23@positive-thinking.com – Box 4080.

FAMILY DESPERATE to have a child – last chance, need £3000 for IVF treatment. Co-op: Sort code 08 90 25, Acc/No 17374033. Box 3380.

PHYSICAL THEATRE DUO seeks doting patrons. Woolwich 10 80 02, 42866398. THANKS.

FRIEND OF BILL W's working two jobs, still needs £1,800 to complete college course towards new life. Thankyou. 30-94-63, 0729911.

BANKRUPT STUDENT must pay off £157.59 debt (including £26.25 for this advert). RBS 16-28-33, 10032818.

RETIRED WEST INDIAN longs to go home. Is ANYONE willing to help? Box 0480.

FUNDING REQUIRED for fascinating CD of contemporary classical British and African-British music. Tel. 0181 591 4285 for further information.

NO HELP FROM NHS – Urgently need £3,000 for dental implants. Thank you. Natwest 60-19-34, 41207386.

TRAINEE JOURNALIST needs £7,500 to clear student debts. Genuine. Thanks. Box 3180.

BRILLIANT, IMPOVERISHED, maths student needs £1,000 to take up place at Imperial. Lloyds 30 91 87, 3617316.

£6540.46 CLEARS MY VISA bill. Debt free for the millennium. May your wallet be prosperous and your loins be fruitful. Halifax 11 07 17, 00100997.

STUCK IN A PIT. Needs funds to escape the pendulum. Box 2980.

GENUINE NON-PROFLIGATE couple – excellent references – need £60,000 urgently (debris of negative equity/wife's long illness). Can pay interest/repay 2009. Please help. Box 0780.

FRIGHTENED WIFE, desperate financial position, husband critically ill (medical confirmation available). Trying to keep home for young daughter. Any help welcome. Barclays 20-56-74, 40802522. Box 0980.

DR. DOLITTLE Foundation: shaming, subversive medial periodical – requires funds. 82-67-18, 80012306.

MERCURY AMALGAM poisoning. Dr Andrew Bellsworth(?) Please call back – phone number not recorded! 0181 552 1671.

TERMINAL CANCER sufferer, 29, seeks financial help for holiday of a life time with daughter. Prognosis of 12 months. Lloyds 30-93-76, 0610983.

MORE MONEY THAN SENSE, excellent. Send some to me. Abbeynat 090126, 20480357. Thanks. All replies answered. Box 1680.

AUNT, UNCLE
to sisters' children, boy, girl
– desperately seeking money
for holidays and computer.
Thank you.
HALIFAX 11-03-06, 00048359.

NURSE CYCLING from Los Angeles to San Francisco in aid of disadvantaged and abused kids. Sponsorship required – any amount gratefully received. Tesco 83-65-70, 10207373.

EYE BET

PREMIUM RACING INFORMATION
Profit from our 18 years expertise.
Quality selections daily
09060 113005
Don't miss this month's winners
cost £1.00 per minute
W.I.N.
PO Box 501, St Albans,
Herts, AL1 1LE

EYE HOMES

TWO-BEDROOMED thatched cottage, South Devon. Inglenook fireplace and courtyard garden. 01626 872548.

WEST CORNWALL
Sheltered valley leading to
picturesque cove.
Charming detached
3 BEDROOM COTTAGE,
feature gardens.
£154,950
WILKINS (01736) 787071.

EYE ESCAPE

TURKEY AFLOAT – explore ravishing unspoilt coastline on your own private crewed wooden schooner. Single travellers and couples can join our famous floating houseparties. Call DayDreams for an unforgettable holiday experience 0171 637 8921. www.daydreams-travel.demon.co.uk

CASTLE DODARD – Co. Waterford, Ireland. Heavenly B&B. Fishing, Riding, Walking. ABSOLUTE PEACE. £40pp. Ph. 0181 248 6816.

UNDISCOVERED GREECE – idyllic private accommodation. Congenial host. B&B to full board. More info – Tel: 01922 684801.

NEW YORK! Friendly, affordable hotel alternatives: private guest rooms and apartments. Safe and central. Tel: 001 212 614 3034. Fax: 001 212 674 3393 mail@westvillagebb.com

GREECE – CYCLADES ISLANDS. Mykonos (direct flight), Paros, Naxos, Ios, Santorini plus a dozen quiet ones. SIMPLY SPECIAL... SIMPLY SIMON HOLIDAYS, ATOL2578 – 0171 373 1933.

CYCLE ALL DAY – salsa all night. Mountain bike holidays in Navarra, SPAIN. Fiesta at Pamplona, trails & tapas. Tel: 0118 9328587 – www.cyclingwithbulls.com

HORSE & PONY HIRE – no escorts. Trails 2-7 days. Wales. Explore the wild & beautiful Radnor Hills in the excl. company of family and friends. Fit & friendly horses/ponies. Maps, routes, baggage transfer etc. Stay hill farms/inns. Brochure: FreeRein 01497 821 356.

EYE LET

MILLENNIUM WEEK – comfortable 15-bedroomed remote country house north Brecon Beacons. Telephone 01550 750274.

DORDOGNE COTTAGE near river beach; sleeps four; £200-£250. Phone/Fax: 0033 5 53 91 32 57.

PERIOD COTTAGE overlooking GLASTONBURY ABBEY. Sleeps 3. Weekly holidays lets from £150 p.w. Phone 01234 211606 or e-mail: AbbeyGlast@aol.com – for Brochure.

EYE-CLIPSE

BULGARIA – magical week: ancient villages, monasteries, ECLIPSE DAY at remote Black Sea headland. 01308 422 241 or ees@freedom-int.com

EXPERIENCE TOTALITY
mid-channel on 25,000 ton
CRUISE FERRY
from £89
or in DIEPPE
from £59
Return same evening.
BROMLEY TRAVEL
0181 290 1346.
Licensed TTAT797X

TOTAL ECLIPSE ZONE – camp in our field. Panoramic views from Dartmoor to Torbay. Phone 01548 821610.

TOTAL ECLIPSE
Fly direct and enjoy
VIP TREATMENT
on the
Central Line of Totality
Packages from
£595
(inc. return flights)
0800 917 0202
TOTAL EXPERIENCE.

EYE FLY

FLIGHT OPTIONS – telephone booking service. Tel: 01432 851062, Fax: 01432 850722, HENRY ROGERS, ATOL 3793.

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 01942 603599 / 680268. Fax: 01942 670868. Agents ATOL holders.

EYE CONTACT

PLUMP PARTNERS – National Dating Agency. If you are plump or prefer a plump partner – ring 01352 715909.

INTRODUCTIONS
TO ATTRACTIVE,
WELL EDUCATED
Russian Ladies in Kazakstan.
For information pack
phone: 01424 426185.

CHOICES – FIND LOVE by the millennium. 'Professional Introduction Consultancy'. 01634 312621.

HEDONISM PARTIES. Clubnights, holidays. Attractive, uninhibited, funloving party animals. Couples, singles. S.A.E. Box 24405 London W5 5ZE. 0181 575 2052 – www.hedonism.org.uk

ORIENTAL BEAUTIES – respectable, irresistible, exotic, stunning – seek sincere gentlemen. Free colour brochure. T.P.I. SERVICES 01562 748600 (24 hrs). www.t-p-l-services.demon.co.uk

ANGLO-ROMANIAN INTRODUCTIONS
Educated Romanian Ladies
seek educated Gentlemen.
For further information
01646 672852.

CONTACT MAG for adults: over 900 photos. APPROVAL copy from: MATCHMAKER, (S.76), Chorley, PR7 4BS. Or ring: 01257 480155 (24 hours).

ADDITIONS – 'ATTACHED' Discreet Loving Agency for married people. 0181 905 3304, 0181 958 9657. Established 1992.

BEAUTIFUL THAI LADIES – colour brochure SIAM INTRODUCTIONS (established 13 years) – 01689 860880. www.siam-intro.com

ELIGIBLE SINGLE WOMEN ONLINE
www.singles-net.freeserve.co.uk

ATTRACTIVE EDUCATED LADIES from U.K. and Overseas are seeking loving friends/partners. Write (Dept PE/9), P.O. Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

ADULT PARTIES and events. Nationwide and local contacts – 01582 750947, PO Box 2097, Luton, LU3 2ZT. www.club-aphrodite.com

THAI CONNECTIONS – WAIA approved. Over 500 marriages. Free brochure: 01582 481725.

ASIAN PARTNERS. Suman Marriage Bureau, 0181 571 5145 – WWW.CUPID.demon.co.uk

LOCAL ADULT PARTIES – free contact magazine. Telephone 01784 246788 extension 863.

ATTACHED seeking romance? Call David at LOVING LINKS 0171 460 7486 / 0171 937 7962. Recorded info line 0906 550 1361 (£1 per/min) or info by fax 09093 919293 (£1 per/min). Online www.lovinglinks.co.uk. Everything you imagine us to be.

DISCREET PENPALS. Articulate, naughty, home town ladies seeks interesting gentlemen. 2x26p stamps: EPPS, PO Box 36, Dartford, DA2 7ZU.

'ADULT CHATLINE'
Girls 18+, Women online,
message exchange,
cost 60p/min, jcg, tn21 8xz,
0906 361 1688

MAKE FRIENDS IN AMERICA! Pen pal club with thousands of members wants you! Free details: TRANS-ATLANTIC PEN FRIENDS, Box 2188-PE, San Pedro, California 90731, U.S.A.

BEAUTIFUL RUSSIAN LADIES
personal introductions
exclusive contacts.
OLGA EDWARDS,
PO Box 56, Hyde, Cheshire.
0161 355 6841 (24 hrs).

YOUNG LADIES worldwide seeks penpals, friends, lifemates. Free details, photos! HERMES, Box 610188/S, 10922 Berlin, Germany. Fax: 0049 30 25299775.

EYE LOVE

MALE FLY, 40, needs female insect for love, comfort and romance!. ALA. Box 3480.

TALL, SLIM, WARM, well-educated, unattached, professional London female, seeks similar, thoughtful man (38-50) of integrity and charisma to enjoy laughing, swimming, newspapers, Daumier, artichokes, crème brulee – and share new challenges/adventures. Box 0478.

FEMALE KIWI NEEDED! Professional male, 42, no baggage, looking for uncomplicated antipodean female for fun, travel and good nights out. London and M4 corridor. Box 3780.

EXTINGUISH LOG-FIRES, leave the country unwalked, candlelights doused, share wine-gums instead with this centrally heated, burger-appreciating, fascinating and successful London man, 49. Box 1680.

SUGAR DADDY – tall, cultured, successful man, 40, Bristol/London, seeks a younger woman to spoil and pamper and to enjoy the Summer with. I live life to the full; film, theatre, eating out and eating in, laughter and the rich tapestry of life. If you would like a fun relationship, then please write to me with your telephone number to Box 2579.

ASSERTIVE HANDSOME entrepreneur M/40 – seeks sleek younger unassertive F/partner for erotically deeper romance. 07050 210824.

YOU: FEMALE, SLIMISH, CURVY,
discreet, fun seeker, possibly
attached,
probably under 45
and living west London or Thames
Valley.
Definitely adventurous with a
naughty streak.
ME: PROFESSIONAL,
EASY GOING,
attached male, late 40s, 6ft,
medium build,
sometimes sexually assertive,
often devilish, always horny
and on the look out to meet you.
Box 0280.

GENTLY DOMINANT professional man, 52, warm, tactile, adventurous and frisky, seeks attractive and intelligent girl, 30-45, for quality time together in London. Box 3280.

IDIOT, 40, MARRIED WITCH by mistake, now needs adventurous female for long, loving liaison. London Box 2180.

ASIAN MALE, 28, 5'10", non-smoker, writer, re-locatable, seeks very attractive blonde, non-smoker, well sun-tanned, single female writer, self-publisher – in Central or North West London. If you are romantic, kind and liberated call Sohail on 07974 669535.

UNSHOCKABLE MAN (50) seeks lady (40-99) suffering lewd fantasies, for discreet daytime enactments. N/West. Box 2080.

OLDER LADY sought by North London professional chap, 36, for summer fun and good times – prime requirement is GSOH! Willing to be discreet if necessary. Photo appreciated. Box 3580.

FALLING ANGEL
(43)
seeks earthy, funny woman
to redeem him
from melancholy brooding.
Sussex.
Box 0580.

HORNY MAN (32), seeks woman for sexy fun. London/SE/Oxon. Box 2280.

DOES YOUR BRA size end in E, F, or beyond? Then awe, admiration plus lavishly luxurious lingerie awaits you. Box 2380.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 51, solvent, seeks younger female who has desires to explore the confines of Roissy. Box 2480.

COTSWOLDS.
Tied, attractive woman,
58, intelligent, humorous,
seeks lively, thoughtful,
iconoclastic correspondent;
possibly subsequent meetings.
No outdoor types, beards
or Lotharios.
Photo please.
Box 3878.

YOU TOO HAVE THOUGHT about it. You're curious and attracted to a little discreet adventure. I'm tall, professional, male, 45, married and looking for a gentle no-strings relationship. We can meet in Beds, Bucks and Herts. Talk to me. Box 2580.

HANDSOME, PROFESSIONAL male, 35, slim and fit, seeks attractive sexy lady for discreet fun in West Kent or London. Box 0880.

ALLURING, PROFESSIONAL female seeks solvent good looking male for hanky-panky and happy attacks, London/Home counties. No smackers. Box 1980.

BUSY, GLOBETROTTING MEDIA TYPE,
young 50, solvent and single,
seeks late 30s/40s companion
– mercurial, creative passionate
Pre-Raphaelite or 'Avengers' looks
with mind of a music anorak.
JOHN STEED AWAITS!
Box 2780.

AFFECTIONATE, SENSITIVE and attractive lady, 43, would like to share her interests (classical music, reading, dancing and walking) and life with a romantic, unpretentious, caring, witty gentleman, 40-55. London replies only. Box 2079.

TALL, HANDSOME lecturer, 40ish, likes music, nature, languages, exotica, WLTM n/s, bright, intelligent, humorous, practical, romantic woman for harmonious relationship. Box 1180.

REGULAR GUY, 50, newly single, seeks sexy, smokefree, literate lady for wining, dining, travel and fun. North London. Box 1280.

MALE, 39, TOO SHY to reply himself to one of these, wonders whether anyone might respond. Unusual circumstances, solvent but not wealthy. Without past or present, ties or baggage. Said to be handsome talented, intelligent. Seeks attractive, strong-minded, intellectual woman, any age below 50. Midlands/anywhere, for good conversation, wine, friendship, possible more. Box 1380.

PROFESSIONAL GUY, 40's, attractive and upstanding, seeks discreet relationship with horizontal woman. Yorks. whatagoodguy@excite.com

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY, cuckolded wife seeks partner for Ugandan revenge. ME, blonde, slim, attractive, 33 – YOU, bags of energy, enthusiasm and ability. Genuine once in a lifetime offer. Absolutely NO married men. Contact me at nicoleblank@hotmail.com. or Box 1480.

WARM, SENSITIVE prof. male, young sixties, GSOH, south London, enjoys arts, walking, talking, good food/wine. Comfortably tied to recluse, seeks junoesque woman friend/lover for worthwhile relationship. Box 2880.

TALL, CUDDLY MAN, academic/business, seeks very feminine lady to share intellectually and physically challenging long lunches. Oxford, Cotswolds. Box 1880.

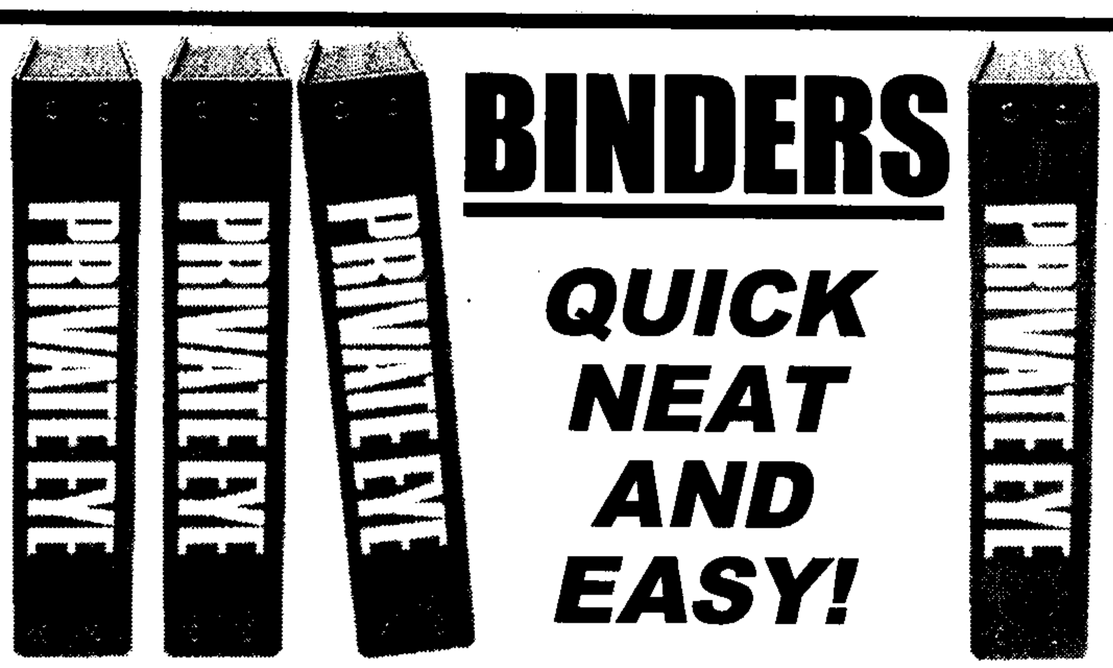
GULLIVER, 38, seeks his Stella to accompany on his travels. Ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit. Hibernia. Box 1080.

EXCEPTIONAL MALE, 39, 6ft 2", attractive, professional, "well-built!" unattached, seeks lady married/single for erotic adult encounters and adventures, as friend/lover, discretion, long term offered. Midlands/Beyond. Box 3980.

MAN WITH TREASURE seeks woman with chest. Box 1780.

REPLYING TO A PRIVATE EYE SMALLS BOX NUMBER? ADDRESS YOUR REPLY LIKE THIS:

Box Number ....
Private EyeSmalls
20 Orange Street
London WC2H 7ED



BINDERS

QUICK NEAT AND EASY!

Each binder holds 26 issues – a year's worth – and is attractively bound in dark blue with the PRIVATE EYE logo in white on the spine.
The UK price is now £8.50 including postage, packing and VAT. For overseas orders please add 70p.

WHY NOT PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW?

Send the completed order form below with your remittance to:
Private Eye Binders, Mortimer House, 230 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE. Telephone 0171 228 0425

I enclose cheque/PO value £ . . . . . for . . . . PRIVATE EYE BINDERS

OR please charge Acess/Visa Card expires . . . . . / . . . . .

CARD NUMBER . . . . . .

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Please print and use the postcode

PRIVATE EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDER FORM

Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
UK: £17 Europe & Eire: £25 Airmail – rest of world: £33

Magazines to:

NAME:

ADDRESS:

Please print and use the postcode

I enclose cheque for £. . . . . for a year's subscription (26 issues)
OR
Please charge ACCESS VISA Card Expires: __ / __
Card number:

Cardholder's name and address if different from above

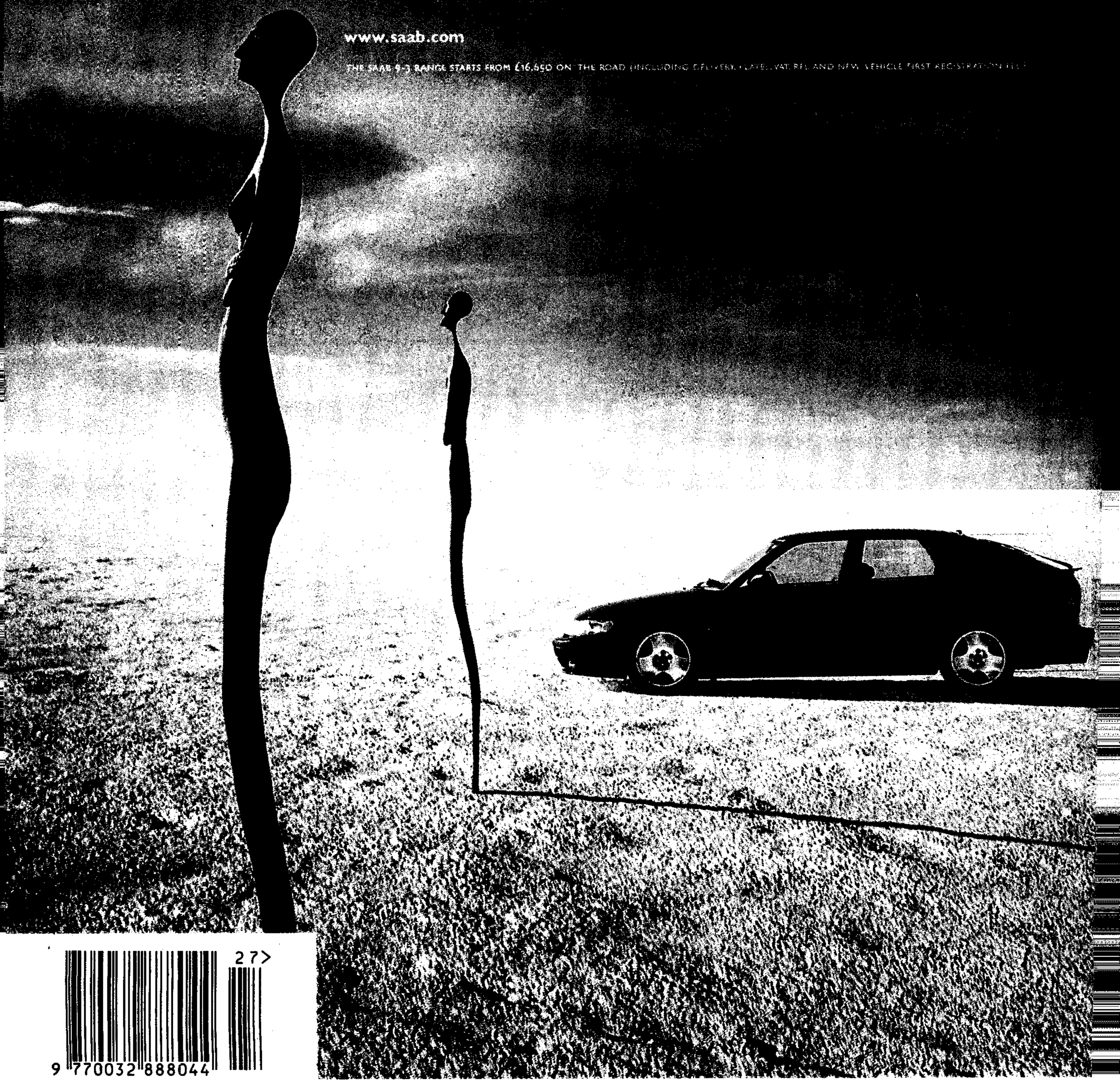
OR why not DIAL A SUB: 0171 228 0425 FAX A SUB: 0171 924 3719
Overseas subscribers please note: payment must be made by International Money Order **or** Bankers Draft in £ Sterling drawn on London **or** ACCESS/VISA

Saab vs. Nakedness

Driving in modern traffic conditions can be an unnerving experience, leaving you feeling exposed and vulnerable. But not in a Saab 9-3. The doors are reinforced with steel beams and hinged pillars to direct impact downwards, not inwards. And the side air bags are located, not in the doors, but in the front seats. (That way they're always in exactly the right position in the event of an accident.) So when you take to the road in a Saab 9-3 the last thing you should feel is naked. Because our body has got yours fully covered. Call 0800 626 556 for a test drive.

www.saab.com

THE SAAB 9-3 RANGE STARTS FROM £16,650 ON THE ROAD (INCLUDING DELIVERY, PLATES, VAT, RFL AND NEW VEHICLE FIRST REGISTRATION FEE).



Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1 5RG. 0171 437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P. E. Distribution Ltd, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, SW11 1LE 0171 223 99